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CHRONICLE.

NOTHING of interest happened in the House of Lords on Friday week except the passing of the Western Australia Bill. The House of Commons was once more occupied with the Irish Estimates; but that period of penal servitude closed at midnight, the last vote being passed. There was nothing of the very slightest note in the debate, unless it were the patient fortitude of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. JACKSON, and some fresh instances of the absurdity of supposing that an Irish Parliament would hold itself in the least bound by MR. GLADSTONE's views on Home Rule.

In the House of Lords on Monday the Settled Lands Bill, after some opposition, passed through Committee, and some minor business was done. In the Commons the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER announced that the Government have at last come to a conclusion what to do with the money once allotted to the licensing clauses, and left ownerless by their withdrawal. The wise have said that money going a-begging always comes to a bad use, and they will not find their maxim upset here. The money—at least in England and Scotland—is to be handed over to the County Councils, with a hint that they might as well add it to the sums already spent or wasted on what is called education. In the part of England called Wales and in Ireland the monster Education (*var. intermedia*) is to get it at once. There was questioning about the Grenadier Guards, who have been at last, and very properly, packed off to Bermuda, after a sound and well-deserved rating from the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, and with a new, and it is to be hoped wiser, Colonel. Also there was talk about Mr. Justice HARRISON, who is charged with having given the advice, more unconventional than unsound, that his brother LYNCH is the "man for Galway" (whence, indeed, the LYNCHES come), the best judge to deal with the ruffians who are tyrannizing over Ireland. The Census Bills and the Savings Bank Bill were discussed; and then the Irish members, weary of the comparative well-doing which marked last week by only wasting it, had a wrangle till three o'clock in the morning over the report of the Constabulary vote.

On Tuesday the House of Lords sent the Sheriffs' Expenses Bill through Committee and helped on some other measures. The Commons devoted themselves to the Census Bills, the Savings Bank Bill, the Army Estimates, and, late at night, to the London County Council Money Bill. This last seems, we are sorry to say, though we have no particular affection for the present Council, to have been quite needlessly obstructed by a Tory member. The Army Estimates provided occasion for the usual desultory debate with which it is not exactly easy to find fault on principle, but which very rarely does any good in practice. On the present occasion it was chiefly noticeable for a curious outbreak of Mr. HANBURY's cross-bench mind on the subjects of the Commander-in-Chief, the officers of the Guards, the wickedness of attending chiefly to the preservation of the Union, and other things. This led later to a smart reply from Colonel KENYON-SLANEY, and the exchange of compliments was renewed next day. The English Census Bill gave Baron DIMSDALE an opportunity to move the religious clause which was defeated, but provided the Opposition with the opportunity of wasting time over the fancied grievance that the Government did not take Baron DIMSDALE and its other supporters by the scruff of the neck and force them to sit down. Gladstonians naturally forget that there is such a thing as voting according to principle. As to the religious Census itself, it was really hardly worth the trouble. No statistics could be more eloquent of the facts than the madness of the political Dissenters at the idea.

The House of Commons spent Wednesday on the Post

Office vote—an allotment of time which, considering the recent alarms and excursions in the department, was perhaps not too much. The debate was chiefly noteworthy for the very scanty amount of support which Mr. PICKERSGILL and Mr. CONYBEARE, the predestined champions of the insubordinate, found on their own side; even Mr. LABOUCHERE having been apparently startled at the outspoken adoption of Irish advice by that useful person Mr. MAHON. It is extremely pleasant to find that Mr. LABOUCHERE is alarmed at conduct in St. Martin's-le-Grand exactly identical with that which he delights to encourage in Kerry. But surely this is to incur that charge of "differential treatment of 'England and Ireland'" which is so much insisted on by Mr. LABOUCHERE's own friends! There may be also some crumb of comfort in the fact that Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE declined to join in censuring Mr. RAIKES. Not, indeed, that it is of the very greatest importance what Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE *quid* Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE declines or consents to do, say, or think. But it shows that the possibility of responsibility being thrown on oneself still has a certain restraining influence.

It is believed that there are persons, not ruthless or unintelligent, who would not be wholly sorry to see Mr. GLADSTONE subjected to condign punishments; but it is impossible that any person possessed of humour should fail to have a certain affection for him, especially after Thursday last. On that day the House of Lords (unconsciously giving point to the joke) had behaved in a peculiarly staid, decorous, and businesslike manner. It had discussed an important point in the recent concordat with the Pope as to Malta, it had talked gravely and reasonably about Tithe Rent Charge, it had read Bills and had passed Bills, and generally showed itself the grave and reverend, worthy and approved, body that it is. Almost at the same time, at any rate on the same day, Mr. GLADSTONE was using its wickedness and irresponsibility as a mainspring in one of the eccentric surprises which he fires off upon the House of Commons now and then, and which the disposition of his followers to follow where he leads makes dangerous. Mr. GLADSTONE thinks the Anglo-German agreement excellent, has no absolute objection to the cession of Heligoland. But the Government have committed the most hideous of crimes in effecting that cession by Bill and Royal assent, instead of by exertion of the prerogative to be subsequently ratified by Address. And the reason of this, the reason why an indecent obstacle is to be interposed in the conclusion of a great international proceeding, and why more time is to be lost, is—the wickedness of the House of Lords. We must develop this interesting subject elsewhere: here it need only be said that the enormity of that unconstitutional action, which never excited a suspicion in the innocent minds of Lord ROSEBERY and Lord GRANVILLE, necessitated the adjournment of the debate.

On Wednesday, the usual day for such dis-
Speeches out of Parliament, there were two considerable political talkings outside Parliament; one by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, at a dinner given to him by the Conservative Club; the other the long-promised debate between Mr. HYNDMAN and Mr. BRADLAUGH on the Eight Hours question, at St. James's Hall. This latter proceeding was as barren of all useful result as might have been expected. Even a quiet argument between any two is not apt to lead to much positive result unless the arguments of one side can be manipulated after the manner of a Platonic dialogue; and when the scene is a public hall, with a noisy minority yelling at everything they do not like to hear, the chance of profit is further lessened. But for one thing that they did we will forgive the St. James's Hall Socialists. They shouted "Thrift is bosh!" at Mr. BRADLAUGH. That little remark shows the nature and objects of Socialism

better than volumes of exposition or hours of debate would do. Lord RANDOLPH was still in his good-boy mood; a mood wherein he is always a very edifying and agreeable object. Four years' exclusion from office, for a freak, is, no doubt, the kind of punishment which sobers a man if he is capable of being sobered, and no sensible Tory wants Lord RANDOLPH to be—as Radicals, with rather unwise eagerness, hope that he will be—consigned to the blackness of darkness for ever. On the same day Lord ROSEBERY talked about King MINOS, and many other pleasant and harmless things, to the East-Enders. On Thursday Lord GRANVILLE spoke at the Mansion House on Commercial Education.—An instance of the inconvenience of the irregular reports of deputation-visits to statesmen occurred during the week, Lord SALISBURY being made to say (and therefore incur the wrath of those whom irreverent slaves used to call "abolitionists") that slavery was necessary in the Niger region. A consciousness of the truth of the fact may have lain at the bottom of the wrath; but, as a matter of fact, it seems that Lord SALISBURY never said anything of the kind—which will surprise no one.

Foreign Affairs. The kite and the canard have been rather strong on the wing this week. From almost all parts of Central and North America disquieting rumours of strikes and riots in Chili, of fighting between their Hogan Mogans the Republics of Guatemala and San Salvador, of military plots in Buenos Ayres, and the like, have been rife. Very curious sketches of proposed arrangements between Bulgaria and the Porte have been published—arrangements which, if there were no Russia, or if Turkey were not afraid of her, would be far from unpromising. The hushed clamours of the German Colonial-menschen, among whom the dauntless Dr. PETERS, making good heart against fortune, is said to be about to uplift his horn (in spite of agreements, Emperors, Chancellors, Queens, Parliaments, and all such feeble folk), are being echoed in France; and the Newfoundlanders are still somewhat unreasonable. It is good news that Belgium utterly denies the supposed pre-emption rights of France on the Congo; bad, that even now the Portuguese have not come to their senses, that Lisbon is as much given over to imagine a vain thing as ever, and that in Africa there is danger of some fatal folly on their part.—It appears from official documents that no very inaccurate account was recently given of the correspondence between the United States and Great Britain on the subject of the Behring Sea fisheries—a subject nearly as troublesome as that other fishery question on the other side of Canada. The opinions of the American press on the conduct of American diplomatists are fortunately somewhat more various than is usual; but it would be useless to attempt to deny that the matter is awkward. Fishing was extolled by its great prose bard as a peaceful occupation; but it certainly has caused and is causing a great deal of international bad blood.—Reports as to the desires of France for a *quid pro non quo* (caninity is occasionally pardonable) in Africa have increased, and require more definite discussion elsewhere. Meanwhile the French appear still to mistake entirely their position in Egypt. Probably nothing more preposterous has ever occurred in recent diplomatic correspondence than the kind of ultimatum said to have been addressed by the French agent to the Egyptian Government on the subject of the taxes necessitated by French opposition to financial reform. However, the cartridge is purely blank.—A vexatious little matter seems to have arisen between the Porte and Servia on the subject of the recent murder of a Servian Vice-Consul at Pristina. It would be most convenient if invulnerable Vice-Consuls could be secured for such districts, the murder of the ordinary variety giving their own side a very unfair advantage.

Sport. On the last day of the Second July Meeting at Newmarket Mr. COOPER's Dorcas won the Princess of Wales's Cup, Lord GERARD's Fleur d'Or the Selling Stakes (from a fair field of two-year-olds), and Mr. LOWTHER's Cleator the Fulbourne Stakes. The Liverpool Cup was won on Wednesday by Mr. ABINGTON's Father Confessor, beating Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's L'Abbesse de Jouarre and a good field. Considerable interest had also been taken in the St. George's Stakes the day before, when Mr. MUNCY's Hebrides, with an advantage it is true of sixteen pounds, beat Mr. HOULDWORTH's good colt Alloway.—Glimpses of something like summer weather have helped cricket matches very considerably during the last ten days; but none of them have come near an interest to that between England and Australia at Lord's

during the first three days of this week. The collapse of Mr. GRACE and other famous bats in the first English innings, the steady stand made by ULYETT, the fine hitting by which Mr. GRACE himself, going in a second time, won the match for England, the excellent bowling and fielding of the Australians, and the way in which Mr. McGREGOR, the young Cambridge wicket-keeper, showed himself equal of Mr. BLACKHAM on the other side, and the superior of any amateur "wicket keep" for a long time in England, made up a match of unusual attraction.

On Friday week a very interesting race for the Wing Sculls took place between those old opponents MR. NICKALLS and MR. GARDNER over the Putney to Mortlake course. The Oxford man led up to Hammersmith Bridge, but thereafter both rowed and steered badly, met with divers mishaps, and was completely beaten.

Considerable space was occupied in the new **Miscellaneous** papers at the end of last week by accounts of the damage and loss of life occasioned by the heavy thunderstorm of the 17th inst.—A very successful meeting has been held during this week and last at the New Wimbledon, the QUEEN'S PRIZE having been won on Tuesday by Sergeant BATES, a well-known shot of old standing, with a capital score, and the shooting generally having been much over the Wimbledon average. But the usual "wager" of pence vexes those useful public men who have started the Bisley range, and must be seen to.—On Tuesday MR. JOHN LUBBOCK, as was expected, was elected Chairman of the County Council by 61 to 28, in the room of Mr. ROSEBERY. The Gladstonian Councillors of the baser sort formed the minority against Sir JOHN, a proceeding all the more invidious that they had not so much as a candidate of their own to bring forward.—The Peace Congress of last week has been followed by a sort of echo in the shape of an International Arbitration Conference, attended by persons of a little more distinction, including the Bishop of DURHAM. It cannot be said that a bishop is out of place advocating peace, but there are methods and methods of such advocacy, and we hardly think that Christianity obliges its officers to take part in self-appointed Conferences of fussy busybodies and nobodies.

Obituary. The earliest names we notice in the obituary of the week are those of MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER, an American diplomatist, best known for his writings on Central Asia some years ago, and of MR. F. P. DICKENSON of Kingweston, a Somersetshire squire very well known in the West, and sometime member of Parliament. Sir RICHARD WALLACE was far more famous in Paris as well as in London. His name at once connotes abundant charity and the possession and most liberal use of one of the greatest collections of works of art possessed by any private person in the world. It seems almost too good to be true that he has left these collections to the English nation. Sir ALFRED SLADE may have had the honour of being the last Receiver-General of Inland Revenue, for it has been announced, and denied, that that comfortable office went with him. Miss LYDIA BECKER had of late years ceased to be the prominent advocate of the shrieking sisterhood that she once was—sisters with still shriller voices, and far worse ambitions, having succeeded her. She was a curious object on a platform, spoke very well, and had a peculiar "game" bearing. Mr. DAVID DAVIES was a very self-made, very rich, and very shrewd Welshman, who, though Radical, had more wit than to be a Home Ruler, and who, even in the days of his Gladstonianism, was free from the too usual silliness of his type.

We are old-fashioned enough to think that the **Books, &c.** *Ober-Ammergau News* (Ammergau: Calmann, London: Luzac), which is a trilingual hand-book and puff of the Mystery, is rendered decidedly offensive by a great crucified figure on the cover. It is pleasant to turn from it to the July *Figaro Illustré*, which at least does not mix up sacred and profane things. Its article on "The Little World of the Theatre" is very curious and most capitally illustrated. During the week Messrs. LONGMAN, who, in the case of MACAULAY's works and other books, have for some time set the example of publishing cheaply before the expiration of the copyright period, have sent out a "Silver Series," including books new and old, from DIDEROT'S *Roman History* and MR. FROUDE'S *Early Years of Carlyle* to *She and Micah Clarke*.

July 26, 1890.]

THE MISCONDUCT OF THE GRENADIERS.

THE course which has been taken with the six companies of Grenadiers who forgot themselves three weeks ago suggests one consoling reflection on a deplorable business. It has shown that governing persons in this country can still act with promptitude and sense when they are allowed to act freely. The Horse Guards—or, as we think it would be more just to say, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—has proved capable of dealing with a real danger without either underrating it, or, what was equally easy, making more of it than was necessary. By displacing the officer who could not so manage his battalion as to keep it in order, by sending the men who refused obedience out of the country, and by inflicting a special punishment on individuals, enough has been done to apportion blame and chastisement fairly, and done without fuss. Colonel MAITLAND would have very just ground of complaint if we were to dwell at any length on his responsibility for the disturbance; but he cannot complain when the world notes the very patent facts that his men did break out of hand, and that his superiors, who had every motive to support him, have come to the conclusion that the discipline of the regiment would run a better chance of being thoroughly restored under another officer. That the men should also be punished was a matter of course. Some of those who have thought it necessary to give their opinion have come to the extraordinary conclusion that, because the Colonel was thought not to have managed well, the men ought to have been held as excused. It would be a pure waste of time to argue with persons who can talk in this style. They must be incapable of understanding what military discipline means. Mutiny and lesser degrees of insubordination are always serious offences, no matter how or in what way they have been provoked; for they strike at the very life of all armed and disciplined bodies. They are not only a sin against the honour of the corps, but they tend to make the corps itself a terrible danger to the unarmed and undisciplined population around it. Moreover, there is no fact in military history more certain than that acts of insubordination, when they are weakly dealt with, have a dreadful tendency to repeat themselves with ever-increasing frequency and gravity. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to punish the insubordination of the battalion, even though we knew—what, as a matter of fact, we do not know—that it had been brought on by gross provocation.

As Mr. STANHOPE reminded the House of Commons, soldiers in the British army are not without legitimate and recognized means of making their grievances known. It may very well be that this resource is more effective in appearance than in reality; but it was surely better for the men to risk angering their Colonel by complaining to those to whom they have a right to complain than to disgrace the regiment and bring punishment on themselves by refusing to obey orders. The exact punishment inflicted has been well chosen. As no individual ringleaders could be picked out, the choice of the oldest soldier in every company to serve as example was sagacious. In future the oldest man will take care not to be mixed up in such proceedings if they should unhappily recur, and each man, as he in turn becomes oldest by the retreat of his seniors, will hasten to extricate himself from the danger in which he stands. We notice in some quarters a disapproval of the despatch of the six companies to Bermuda, on the ground that it seems to put a stigma on all foreign service by making it a punishment. We do not think that any such opinion will be entertained by military men. The position of the Guards as to foreign service is well known, and taken for granted by all soldiers. Do these critics think it would have been better to fall back on the old military method of putting the battalion to shame by depriving it of its colours and facings? That might indeed have been done, but the course actually chosen has been the better, if only because it will make any further steps unnecessary.

The questions and speeches to which the incident has given rise in the House of Commons are not the least disagreeable part of the whole business. Nobody, indeed, expects sense from Mr. GRAHAM, understanding from Mr. PICKERSGILL, manners from Mr. HARRINGTON, or decency from Dr. TANNER. But Mr. HANBURY belongs to a party which is bound to support discipline and authority. Even a long acquaintance with the character of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's prolixity had not altogether prepared us to find that India had left him perfectly ignorant of the ultimate effects of military insubordination. Yet the

second of these gentlemen surpassed all his previous feats of silliness, and the former did his best to weaken the hands of the authorities by carping repetitions of tittle-tattle and owl-like remarks on supposed defects in the Guards in a manner worthy of Mr. PICKERSGILL. If all he had to say had been well founded, he ought to have understood that this was not the occasion on which to say it. They received quick and adequate castigation at the hands of Colonel KENYON-SLANEY. The Colonel was military and peremptory in his very proper and honourable indignation at the aspersions thrown on his old corps. It is not often that the House of Commons hears a soldier talking in that tone. But Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and Mr. HANBURY may learn, if they will look into the history of the legislative body which they adorn, that there is a style of military address to which it has been compelled to listen much worse than the Colonel's. It was copiously used by the Agitators, by Colonel PRIDE, and by HARRISON's Regiment of Musketeers. It is the language of soldiers who have become insubordinate. Without studying so deeply, they might have recourse to the accessible page of MACAULAY, and learn from it how the House behaved when the Royal Scots mutinied at Ipswich. It is certainly a long way from the "five small beagles" from Tripow Heath, or the mutineers at Ipswich, to the fit of the nerves at the Wellington Barracks; but, long as the way is, it is the same. A man must be hopelessly ignorant of military history and human nature to be so utterly blind as these gentlemen obviously are to the tendency of all military insubordination to increase, and of the lengths to which it will go. Unhappily, these members are only representatives of the very large class of persons to whom history teaches nothing. They have not learnt, they never will learn by thinking, that the same causes will always produce the same effects. If they are to be taught as much at all, it will be by the kind of experience which had trained Parliament in 1689 to make short work with mutiny. We may be a long way off that as yet; but it is not far wide of conscious and unconscious workers at the task of bringing it on.

Among the unconscious members of this ignominious body may be included the speculative gentlemen who took upon them to break up the old organization of the army. Not even the consequences of weak dealing with insubordination are more certain than the truth that you cannot begin making experiments with any historic body without running the most terrible risk of destroying the good in the process of cutting and hacking at what you think is bad. Yet we have cut and we have hacked for years now. Whether we have made the body more comely is a question; but we certainly have let much of the spirit evaporate. The army, as it was before the scientific soldier, with his head full of pedantry, which was not the less pedantic because it was new, took it in hand, had an organization which was certainly not perfect, but had at least been imposed by the conditions of the work it had to do, was therefore a natural growth, and possessed, in spite of its formal irregularity, a certain solidity and elasticity. The scientific soldier, so called, came with his mouth full of formulas, stolen from the Germans, and set to work in the spirit of a pedant, whose note it is to look ever to the form and never to the substance. He has made what is, in fact, a new army. Our military efficiency in all the arms of the service, and especially in the Guards, was based on the presence in the ranks of a proportion of old and seasoned soldiers, and on the services of a corps of non-commissioned officers, whose home was in the regiment, who had all the authority of age and experience. We have altered all that. The oldest man in six companies of the Grenadier Guards was not thirty. Among the sergeants are men who have only been a year in the regiment. The conditions which made the peculiar strength of the corps in former times are, therefore, gone. It may be—the whole army may be—in future, efficient and trustworthy, as of old, but it cannot possibly be so in the old way. It would be sheer folly to pretend that the recent history of the Grenadiers does not inspire doubts whether the old spirit has been replaced by another as good as itself. We have no more love of croakers than Sir FRANCIS DRAKE; but the unwisdom of shutting one's eyes to disagreeable truths is about as bad as croaking. It is a truth that we no longer have the old stamp of non-commissioned officer, and the deduction that we must not look for the old influence and the old work imposes itself. The sailing of the six companies to Bermuda

has been the means of calling attention to one little detail which illustrates the imbecility allowed to meddle and muddle at the War Office. The men, it appears (though Mr. STANHOPE knows nothing about it, and very ingenuously confesses that he should not like such deprivation himself), will have no ration of porter on the voyage. It was cut off as a concession, no doubt, to the teetotal tub-thumper on the most appropriate of all dates—on last All Fools' Day. Of course the wishes of the soldier were not consulted in this matter. It was all done for his good, as understood by the temperance fanatic. Shall we ever understand that these trumpery concessions do not pacify the bigot and fool, and do anger the men at whose expense they are made by official gentlemen for their own convenience?

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN AFRICA.

THE beneficial effect of comment on pending, or possibly pending, schemes of arrangement with foreign Powers, provided that comment be tolerably well informed and impartial, may be said to have been proved beyond question in the Anglo-German debate on delimitation in Africa. And we have no reason to believe that the result will be otherwise in regard to the newer debate between Germany, England, and France. Indeed, mere comment seems to us more urgently requisite here than in the other case. There were many things which made it improbable that any great mischief (even supposing the English Foreign Office capable of any) would be done in the south-eastern quarter of Africa. The dead LIVINGSTONE and the live Mr. STANLEY, the memory of many books, and the active interest of a section of the British people not the least vigorous in looking after its interests, were guarantees. It is not quite the same in regard to the north-western quarter. Memories of PARK and CLAPPERTON and the rest have died out; the British settlements are scattered and individually uninteresting; most of them have the name of pestiferous holes; the chief active trading corporation is at loggerheads with the Aborigines' Protection people, or by their snarling the Aborigines' Protection people seem to think so. Moreover, very few men in England know anything at all about the recent, and very curious, extension of French territory and influence here. Not a few books have been published on the subject in France, but few of them have made their way to England. Timbuctoo, which is to us a kind of Monomotapa, or country of PRESTER JOHN, is now very nearly as much French as Merv is Russian. And, though there may be different opinions as to the solidity of the conquest, French officers (partly reviving that faculty of utilizing native levies which was shown by PARADIS and BUSSY till their pale stars sank before the sun of CLIVE and COOTE, partly backed by the famous Marsouins, as their pet name goes, the *infanterie de marine*, the best troops by far in the French army) have pushed reconnaissances, and something more, fast and far in the last twenty, still more in the last ten, years, while we have been decidedly supine. The French have really earned something like a French Soudan at the back of the West coast, and it is exactly the moment to recognize, not, as French papers say, their "rights in Egypt," which are *nil*, except as possessed in common with all European nations, nor their rights in Newfoundland, which are not denied, but their achievements in the back country of Upper Guinea.

It is all the more important that this recognition should be given on the French principle of *donnant-donnant* in the first place, and in the second should carefully observe the regions where the French have, and those where they have not, claims. Some of the kites flown, as similar kites were flown in the German matter, about a recognition of French supremacy up to "the watershed of the Nile"—whatever that may mean—to Tripoli, to the parallel of 23° , and where not, are absolutely ridiculous, and the usual mentions of Lake Tchad in telegrams of French origin awake the liveliest suspicion in persons at once acquainted with the subject and not prejudiced by any trade connexion with it. Lake Tchad is, roughly speaking, and taking its centre, on the parallel of 15° , and eastward of that the French have no claim whatever, while all the country in that direction naturally belongs to the Egyptian succession. A line drawn from the north-west corner of the Lake almost exactly hits off the western boundary of the province of Fezzan, dependent on Tripoli, and so on the Porte, and eastward of that again they have no claim at all. The

"sphere" of the British Niger Company touches the Lake on the south, and this again shuts, or should shut, them off. But it leaves an enormous region, including the western shore of Lake Tchad, and running away westwards past the northern boundary of the so-called region of Sokoto to Senegal, and northwards to Algeria, which may very legitimately be recognized as French—for a proper consideration. That consideration France has to consider, and it most assuredly will not be satisfactory if it is limited to a renunciation of her practically non-existent rights in Zanzibar. She wants other things, and some of them she may have—still for due consideration—under which head is most certainly not to be included her own estimate of her own interest in Egypt or elsewhere. They possess a French *Pickwick*—most wondrous work, if we remember it rightly after many years. We forget how the translator rendered "breach of honour and loss of the lady," in Mr. JINGLE's statement of claim. But he could not have gone far wrong as to Mr. PERKER's answer.

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA.

THE match between England and Australia, at Lord's, was most pluckily contested, and a "sicht for sir 'e'en" after the miserable mudlarking of the season. After the frantic rain of last week, the wicket began to recover itself on Monday morning. Perhaps, as the Australians batted first, England had a trifle the better of the wicket on Wednesday; but when England went in on Monday it played very queerly. No great resistance was expected from the Colonists; they have been freely beaten all over the country this summer, and they had a very strong team against them. We do not know that it could have been bettered. There were impious tongues which clamoured against Mr. GRACE, but the results did not justify their proceedings. Others might have preferred Mr. STEEL, Mr. STODDART, or Mr. WEBBE to Mr. W. W. READ; and, of course, we missed BRIGGS, who, it seems, was ill, or hurt, and could not play. Perhaps BARNE might have been sacrificed for BRIGGS; but BARNE is often most serviceable, though he had no great opportunity in this match. He did not bowl much, and he had only one innings. On the Australian side, Mr. TURNER, the best of their bowlers, seemed to go a little lame, and that accident was unfortunate for his party. Mr. BURN was played; he has not been successful this year, but made a most plucky stand for the last wicket in the second innings. Pluck, indeed, was the characteristic of the Australian play. They were defeated, but not in the least with dishonour. They had not the best of luck; for three of them were l.b.w. in their second innings, and a batsman who is "leg before" always feels as if fortune were his foe. Their fielding was beautiful to see; above all, that of the wicket-keeper, Mr. BLACKHAM, and of Mr. GREGORY, who saved many runs at extra mid-off. We only saw one catch missed, a chance at mid-off which Mr. GRACE gave late in his second innings. It was hard, low, and to the left; but no doubt it might have been held. Neither Mr. BLACKHAM nor Mr. GREGORY let a single bye go past them. But the Australian pluck was mainly shown in the long stand of Mr. BARRETT and Mr. BURN on Tuesday evening, and in the wonderfully good bowling which never showed a sign of despair, and to which Mr. W. W. READ fell when a tie had been reached, clean bowled by a pretty ball from Mr. TRUMBLE.

There were various moments in the match when Australian chances seemed radiant. The fine hitting of Mr. LYONS (55) and of Mr. TURNER (24), as the first batsmen in the first innings, was most encouraging. At last, after several changes, BARNE'S was the right hand that overthrew Mr. LYONS. Then a regular rout began. Mr. TROTT made 12; but there was not another double figure, ATTENWELL and PEEL proving hard to play, and Mr. McGREGOR being very assiduous at the wicket. The score was but 132, and who knew but that GUNN and SHREWSBURY would wipe that off in a hour and a quarter. It was no such matter. Mr. GRACE went in first, and the second ball which he received from Mr. TURNER he sent back a most mournful "spoon" into that bowler's hands. He might have caught it in his mouth. The ball, in fact, seemed to hang very much, and Mr. GRACE played forward far too soon. We never saw him make

July 26, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

97

such a girlish stroke before. GUNN came; but SHREWSBURY was promptly stumped off Mr. FERRIS. Next the same bowler caught and bowled Mr. READ for a single. The Australian spectators yelled with joy, and redoubled their shouts when GUNN's wicket was neatly thrown down in an attempt at a run which should never have been ventured. Four wickets for 20, of which GUNN had made 14 in his usual scholarly and classical style. MAURICE READ and ULYETT were now together. All hung on them; for the loss of another wicket would have disheartened even the dauntless LOHMAN and the imperturbable BARNES. But GEORGE ULYETT and MAURICE READ played a lovely game. The bowling and fielding were excellent; the scoring slow at first; but this pair kept together, run for run, till they had made more than 70. Their scores on the board were usually exactly level. READ was perhaps a little flurried at first; not so ULYETT, whose display was throughout clean, masterly, and vigorous. Mr. LYONS bowled READ at 34, but ULYETT was not out, and on Tuesday completed a score of 74, which was invaluable. ULYETT is now a veteran in years, but nobody plays cleaner and quicker than he, and nobody's success is more welcome. He is always at the ball, and does not practise the masterly but tedious inaction of letting off-balls go by unpunished. This caution is carried almost to excess by GUNN, and imparts a certain boldness to his style, as if classic restraint were nearly overdone. A similar charge has been brought against the mellow glory of the Attic stage, and we admit that a dash of romance, an *Æschylean* audacity now and then, would improve GUNN's batting for the spectators. He can open his shoulders when he likes, and hit over the Grand Stand, but he generally does not like. LOHMAN and PEEL added useful scores of 16 and 19, but Mr. LYONS proved too hard for most of the batsmen. He made 88 in the match, and got five wickets in the first innings for 30 runs. The English score was 173, no very long odds over 132; throughout the run getting had been slow.

In the second Australian innings Mr. TURNER soon put his leg where his bat had been the more orthodox defence. Mr. LYONS played brilliantly for 33. Mr. MURDOCH fell at 19, just when he seemed set. Meanwhile the left-handed Mr. BARRETT was playing, *à la SCOTT*, very demurely, not at all prettily, but with resolution, a straight bat, and an occasional four to leg. LOHMAN made a splendid catch off BARNES, dismissing Mr. GREGORY. The bowling was often changed, and the dense multitude applauded Mr. GRACE when he took the ball. He bowled very well, was little hit, and got rid of Messrs. CHARLTON and BLACKHAM, the latter a very dangerous bat. When Mr. BURN came in last all seemed over, but he and Mr. BARRETT could not be removed on Tuesday night. They made a most gallant stand, put on some forty runs between them, and, next morning, Mr. BARRETT was not out for 67. Mr. McGREGOR stumped Mr. BURN for 19. The score was 176; and, but for nervousness, on a fine day and on a good wicket England was bound to get that. They got it almost too easily. SHREWSBURY was leg before wicket (as he often risks being) for 13; but Mr. GRACE was busy all the time. He placed the ball wonderfully, and, when he got a loose one, he hit in the fearless old fashion. A slog that fell on the board which declares the score was one of his most popular efforts. GUNN was playing very cautiously, but cutting with cleanliness and precision. Mr. FERRIS easily caught and bowled him for 34; then Mr. READ made three 4's and a single; while Mr. GRACE hit as in the good old days. When the score was a tie, Mr. TRUMBLE bowled Mr. READ's leg stump; but MAURICE READ made a swipe, which ended the match. No COBDEN appeared to bowl seven wickets for nothing. There were only seven extras, all leg-byes, in the match. Mr. GRACE's 75, not out, secured him a great deal of popular applause, well deserved. He is less active at point now than his elder brother; but he played the best possible bowling in the best possible way, he proved an excellent captain, and his bowling was serviceable. The Australians deserved a victory for their indomitable energy; but their batting is undeniably inferior to that of England. Their bowling and fielding could not be surpassed. Their only chance would be on a dark day and a wet wicket—advantages which they have often enjoyed, and may enjoy again.

THE PORTE AND ITS SUBJECTS.

THERE has been a good deal of interesting intelligence during this week on the subject of the different divisions, European and Asiatic, of the Turkish Empire. With respect to Crete and Armenia the news is far from good. It may be said to have been set beyond doubt of honest men that the Porte is honestly trying to do what it can to allay the discontents in Crete. But the agitators, Greek and other, pour oil as fast as Turkey pours water; and, even if it were not for this, the apparently irreconcilable differences of the Christian and Mohammedan populations make the problem one nearly impossible of solution either by autonomy, or by continued subjection to Turkey, or by union with a weak Power like Greece. More than one of the greater European Powers could, of course, make the island prosperous in a few years, and, perhaps, contented in a few more; but there is, unluckily, no Great Power the possession by which of the island would not be regarded by some if not all of the others with extreme jealousy. As for Armenia, although the misdeeds of the Porte have, no doubt, been grossly exaggerated, it is difficult to give it the same credit there as that which it fairly deserves in Crete. The conduct of the Turks, though natural enough, has been in the highest degree unwise, and it is not too much to say that, if there were not reasons elsewhere which dispose the Czar to quiet, plausible excuses for further encroachment in Asia Minor have been furnished to Russia by the sheaf. It is an elementary and undoubted rule in international politics, though, no doubt, one subject to a great deal of abuse, that, if your neighbour will let his house "smoke through the roof" and refuses to attend to remonstrances, you may, if you are strong enough, put it out, consent or no consent on his part. And this is what the Turks obstinately refuse to remember. That the Armenians are much to blame is indubitable; but they are not, like the Cretans, to blame solely for intestine quarrels and for listening to mischievous foreigners.

Something, though not very much, has come of the proposals which that extremely intelligent, though rather masterful, person, M. STAMBOULOFF, has been making to the suzerain of Bulgaria. The ecclesiastical difficulty in Macedonia appears to have been settled in a manner very satisfactory, except to those Christian and disinterested Powers, Servia and Greece. But the Porte has been too much afraid of Russia to acknowledge Prince FERNAND, and too much afraid of a bold policy in general to attempt to consider the modifications of general relations which the Bulgarian Prime Minister is understood to have proposed. Yet there is something in them. He would, indeed, be a sanguine person who used the word "hope" in connexion with anything Turkish. The inherent weaknesses of the Turk on the one hand, and the relentless injustice of the Powers on the other, put that word almost out of the dictionary for the special purpose. Yet it is not impossible that if a more intelligent, a less timid, and a less selfish policy had animated the Powers since the Turkish Empire began to break up, the lines of M. STAMBOULOFF's scheme might have been followed with great advantage. The inherent and ineradicable objection to the policy which has been actually pursued since the creation of the Kingdom of Greece is that it results, on the one hand, in the establishment of a number of little kingdoms or princedoms too weak to defend themselves, too mutually jealous to combine, and, on the other, in a constantly weakened and dwindling central authority. The other plan, if successful, would have resulted in a group of communities independent for all internal purposes, kept from attacking each other by the central authority, and strong enough under the leading of that authority to face foreign aggression and greed. We do not say that this would have happened; but we say that it might, that there is nothing absolutely impossible in it. As it is, it is difficult to see what good thing is to befall the once Turkish States, either during the existence of the Sultanate or after its disappearance; for they have not the strength to stand alone, and they have not the wisdom to combine.

THE CHANTREY FUND.

IT was as far back as 1884—that is to say, fully six years ago—that we ventured to call attention to the administration of the bequest of the late Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY. Mr. GLADSTONE was at that time in power, and had just

expressed the extraordinary opinion that the Royal Academy was a private body, and in no wise amenable to public censure. If we remember rightly, this wholly untenable position was abandoned, and Mr. GLADSTONE "awaited a 'statement' from the Academy as to the CHANTREY bequest. If that statement was ever made, it has not reached the ear of the public. Mr. GLADSTONE, when he constituted himself a defender of the Academician, made for himself a strong reason for suppressing the only possible answer they could give to inquirers. We stated—and our statement was repeated in the House of Commons—that they were not employing the fund in accordance with the terms of CHANTREY's will; but that, on the contrary, they were acting directly against his expressed wishes. If Mr. GLADSTONE had ever asked them whether this accusation was correct, they could only have replied in the affirmative. Their champion would, therefore, have been obliged to confess that he had taken the wrong side, and that his clients had pleaded guilty. But this would have been inconsistent with all the motives of action in the mind which still remembers Mitchelstown, and so unwillingly dropped Colonel DOPPING. If the report ever came to the PRIME MINISTER, it was pigeonholed. Meanwhile, it is well worth while, on behalf of the general public, to ask if the members of the Council of the Royal Academy, whose President is paid, under the terms of CHANTREY's will, £300. a year for administering the fund, have, if only tacitly, seen the error of their way, and amended it accordingly. It may be necessary once again to glance at the will. Sir FRANCIS left the money, subject to certain life interests now expired, to the President and Council of the Royal Academy for the time being; the annual interest to be expended at their discretion on forming a gallery "of works of fine art of the highest 'merit.' Furthermore, he stipulated that "such President and Council, in making their decision, shall have 'regard solely to the intrinsic merit of the work, and not 'to allow any feeling of sympathy with an artist or his 'family, by reason of his or their circumstances, to influence 'them.'" Let us pause here. The money had scarcely accrued before the new trustees bought the "Christ 'Crowned" of HILTON, the late Keeper of the Academy, an artist of very moderate power, of which this picture is a very moderate example, expressly because it belonged to his family, whose circumstances were bad. In so doing (with however excellent a motive) they violated every single proviso of the will, except one which desired that the work should have been wholly executed in the United Kingdom.

Whether in the purchases since made, amounting now in all to about fifty, these provisos have been violated many times we need not ask now. The rooms in which these works are exhibited at South Kensington have by degrees assumed the appearance of a kind of "Junior Diploma 'Gallery," a place for pictures which would otherwise have remained on their artists' hands. This is unquestionably the pervading aspect of the walls, and is not relieved by the presence of perhaps a dozen objects of first-rate importance. How far any of them fulfil the exact terms of CHANTREY's will—how far, that is, the choice made by the trustees would have satisfied CHANTREY—is, of course, a different matter.

The clause in CHANTREY's will which permitted five years' accumulation has never been acted upon. At the present conjuncture, when some public-spirited gentlemen have to take on their shoulders the surplus expense of the Longford HOLBEIN—precisely the kind of thing to which CHANTREY's expressions point—the trustees are laying out their funds on contemporary art, good or bad, and taking care that a certain portion of it, at least, shall be expended in their own exhibition, and on themselves. It might be pointed out that they should follow the guidance of the Royal Society, which never expends the funds at its disposal on its own members. To act strictly in accordance with the terms of the will they should abstain from buying directly from the artist, they should never buy a work by one of themselves, and they should not confine themselves to contemporary work.

LORD ROSEBERY ON BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

LORD ROSEBERY has only two things to regret as regards his personal position in public life. One, as is well known, is that he is a peer. The other, which he disclosed to the world on Monday on the new Battersea Bridge, is that he is not a prince. In declaring this new

erection open, which connects brilliant Battersea with sagacious Chelsea—the epithets are Lord ROSEBERY's, not ours—he referred to a reproach which had been addressed to him. Some persons—whether in Battersea or in Chelsea does not appear—had pronounced him unworthy to discharge the functions which he was then performing because he was not of Royal extraction. "That is a feeling," said Lord ROSEBERY, "which I entirely share. I had hoped—in some pre-existent state it must have been of which he has reminiscence, "to have been Royal, but that mistake "it is now too late to redress." If the complainants of whom Lord ROSEBERY spoke were serious their remedy was easy and obvious, not to say palpable and obtrusive. If they wanted a person of Royal extraction (a whole chorus of voices will at once have asked) why did they not apply to Sir WILLIAM HARcourt. That princely person, if not destined like the blood-boltered BANQUO to be the father, is yet the descendant, of a line of kings, who proudly point at him for theirs. Perhaps in not asking Sir WILLIAM HARcourt to discharge the functions for which he is marked out by his lineage, the London County Council acted under the advice of their engineer and architect, who may have feared to expose the new and unseasoned structure to too great a strain. Mr. BOUNDERBY, "giving it mouth" in the lodgings of the circus-man, was advised to give it mouth in a house of his own, on the ground that the building in which he was holding forth was not a strong one, and that too much of him might bring it down. Sir WILLIAM HARcourt's oratory has some of the characteristics of Mr. BOUNDERBY's. Lord ROSEBERY said of the old wooden bridge, which was a remote ancestor of the bridge that now is, that it had at last fallen into such a condition that if a barge had come into collision with it the danger would have been to the bridge, and not to the barge. If the question were of officially closing a bridge previous to its demolition, Sir WILLIAM HARcourt might fittingly be asked to contribute the weight and force of his oratory to the ceremony. With respect to the new bridge, though, if it could bear Sir WILLIAM HARcourt and his eloquence, the test of its solidity would be conclusive, it would be yet excessive. The experiment would be dangerous, and the result might be disastrous as the catastrophe on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway which deprived England of the statesmanship of HUSKISSON. The lesson of MAMBRINO's helmet has been judiciously kept in mind.

Though on pleasure bent, the London County Council, like JOHN GILPIN, who would certainly have been a London County Councillor if he had lived in these times, is of a frugal mind; and princes, Lord ROSEBERY explains, come dear on ceremonial occasions. Their presence involves an expenditure on pageantry which a body like the London County Council, whose first and last thought is of the ratepayers, could not reconcile it to its corporate conscience to incur. The London County Council, alone among Corporations, has a conscience. Peers are cheaper. Lord ROSEBERY, with a long look at the principle of betterment in its future applications south of the Tweed, referred to a very gratifying precedent in connexion with the wooden bridge already mentioned, which it seems was not paid for out of the rates. Fifteen of the riparian proprietors put their hands in their own pockets, and paid for the whole bridge. Between riparian proprietors putting their hands in their own pockets, and the London County Council putting its hands into the pockets of riparian proprietors, there is a distinction which Lord ROSEBERY may, perhaps, be excused for not seeing only a day or two after ceasing to be the Chairman of that body, but which will probably become clear to him in a week or two's time. We should like to ask him to whom the bridge belonged when it was built; whether there were any tolls, and who got them?

Lord ROSEBERY never overdoes his literary and historical allusions. That is a consolatory thing about him as an orator. He got over this part of the business in some very summary sentences, which the limits of our space do not prevent us from reproducing as a model of succinct eloquence. "Now we have arrived at the present structure. Long may it last! It unites Chelsea, the home of so many sages, with Battersea, the home of BOLINGBROKE. I hope that the union of sound sagacity and brilliant statesmanship so typified will long be characteristic of this bridge. I declare this bridge open." One thinks with a sense of relief and almost of escape of what Mr. GLADSTONE or Sir WILLIAM HARcourt would have made of these points. It is, as Mr. WELLER, senior remarked of the conclusion of Mr. WELLER, junior's love-letter, rather a sudden pull up;

July 26, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

99

but for that very reason it is a model peroration. We entirely echo Lord ROSEBERRY's pious good wishes for new Battersea Bridge. We trust that it will always be a soundly sagacious and brilliantly statesmanlike bridge, and set an example in this respect to the other bridges over the Thames. Perhaps it may derive these qualities from the accomplished and gifted politician who has signalized by pontifical functions his retirement from the Chairmanship of the London County Council. Apart from temporarily disturbing influences, we recognize much of the brilliancy of Battersea and something of the sagacity of Chelsea in Lord ROSEBERRY. By-the-bye, BOLINGBROKE stands for brilliancy and Battersea. Does CARLYLE, or Sir THOMAS MORE, or Sir CHARLES DILKE best typify the sound sagacity of Chelsea?

THE BITER BIT.

THE sorrows of Mr. SIGBERT KOSTERLITZ have not, it is to be feared, evoked much sympathy from a hard and selfish world. If he had succeeded, instead of failing, in his action against Mr. MOCKFORD, Mr. MOCKFORD would have been as little pitied as he himself is now. The interest of the dispute between these worthies is not great. But in the course of their mutual recriminations they let out a good many truths which clergymen, widows and spinsters, half-pay officers, and other reckless speculators would do well to note. Mr. KOSTERLITZ is "of Russian extraction," as if he were a Jew's tooth. He carries on business in Great Winchester Street as a financial agent and underwriter of companies. He buys to sell again, and he never pays anything except the difference between the two prices. He has, however, nothing to do with "rigging the market," which he defines or describes to be much the same thing as "making a corner." The "difference bargains" to which the plaintiff referred, and which must be carefully distinguished from "time bargains"—a perfectly legitimate form of speculation—have been held by the courts of law to be contracts by way of gaming and wagering. Nevertheless they are approved, and even, it is said, signed by gentlemen who urge that the Powers of Europe should intervene to put down roulette at Monte Carlo. So much for the plaintiff; and now for the defendant. "The plaintiff," ran the celebrated instructions to counsel—"the plaintiff is a meritorious young Israelite, "who supports his aged parents by purchasing raiment "which has been overworn, and reselling it at a slightly "advanced price. The defendant is a Jew old-clothesman." The difference between the parties in the present case is almost as striking as it was in that. Mr. MOCKFORD also does business in Great Winchester Street. Happy Great Winchester Street! He is a promoter of African gold-mines in the Transvaal. He has made at least fifty thousand pounds out of them. It may have been twenty thousand more than that. He is very much surprised that anybody should be so simple as to inquire whether these mines have ever paid any dividends. People who ask such questions as that cannot know much about gold-mines. He is connected with the Harmony Proprietary Company, which belongs, indeed, entirely to him, with some shares considerably provided by a fond husband and father for his wife and children.

This interesting couple of London citizens came together over the Sutherland Reefs Company for working what "M. JOUBERT, the Natal Minister," is said to have called the richest mine in the world. It is most astonishing that this Golconda should have paid no dividends. It yields sixty or seventy ounces of gold to a ton of quartz, and Mr. MOCKFORD considers his own shares to be worth a great deal more than half a million. Mr. MOCKFORD showed Mr. KOSTERLITZ the prospectus of this Company, and desired that he would "underwrite" or insure it. Mr. KOSTERLITZ, having read the prospectus, declined the request, and his refusal is very significant in the light of what followed. On the 4th of October last the plaintiff received from the defendant's son telegram, which ran as follows:—"Advise "instantly buying Sutherland Reefs." In consequence of this telegram, and of a subsequent conversation, Mr. KOSTERLITZ bought four hundred shares at eight pounds five shillings a share. The shares immediately began to fall, and ultimately the plaintiff brought his action. A flimsier one seldom comes before a court of justice. Baron POLLOCK refused to enter a nonsuit, apparently thinking that there was some evidence of an attempt on the

defendant's part to rig the market for the purpose of unloading his shares, and that such a proceeding would in law amount to an actionable wrong. But, after hearing the whole case, he gave judgment, without hesitation, for Mr. MOCKFORD. Bad advice is not a tort. Unless Mr. MOCKFORD, through his son, deliberately deceived Mr. KOSTERLITZ, with intent to make money out of him, Mr. KOSTERLITZ could not recover a verdict. Now, it is to be observed that the whole transaction was a purely speculative one. Mr. KOSTERLITZ neither knew nor cared what the real value of the shares in the Sutherland Reefs Company was. He showed his own opinion of the Company when he would not "underwrite" it. He understood from the telegram that, whether from the folly of the investing public or some other cause, the shares were going up in the market, and he bought, not to hold, but to sell. In these circumstances, it was hopeless to contend that any one was responsible for his losses except himself.

THE APPROPRIATION OF THE NEW TAXES.

IT was, of course, within the bounds of possibility that even after the withdrawal of its licensing clauses the Local Taxation Bill might still yield political capital to the Opposition. For the abandonment of the plan embodied in those provisions left the Government with a round sum of money to dispose of; and, as we all know, there are few more fruitful, and certainly no more hopeful, causes of party quarrel than may be got out of the legislative distribution of "a fund." The Gladstonians consequently had not altogether relinquished the hope that Ministers might fall foul of somebody or something in their arrangement for the allocation of the proceeds of the new taxation on alcoholic liquors; and it was not, we may believe, without some slight disappointment that they listened the other night to the proposals set forth on this subject by the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY. It must have been provoking to a Gladstonian critic to have nothing more against the Ministerial plan than a faintly hinted doubt whether the appropriation of the money in the case of England is sufficiently definite to satisfy the SPEAKER'S ruling, or quasi-ruling, on the point of constitutional practice; and still more vexatious must it be to feel—as we presume the intelligent objector must have felt in this instance—that there is nothing in his objection. In the case of Ireland the destination of the new taxes is actually named; while the money to be paid over to the English and Scotch County Councils under the plan now proposed is every bit as definitely "appropriated" as any other Imperial subvention which has been made in the Budgets of past years to local resources. Full power will be conferred upon those Councils for handling the money at once and expending it on any object they may think fit. Whereas the point taken with such fatal effect against the former arrangement by that guardian of the Constitution, MR. HEALY, was that the fund to be transferred to the Councils was not to be handled by them at once, but to be "earmarked" and held over for employment at some future date on a purpose to be prescribed, possibly even by some future Parliament.

This restriction of adverse criticism to an objection at once technical and futile affords pretty clear proof that there is not much to be said against the proposal on its merits. And, in fact, it has been very judiciously devised. In no one of the three kingdoms would it be found possible, we suspect, to organize any effective agitation against it. It is true that the proposal to hand over the Scotch 50,000/- to the County Councils for the relief of rates is threatened with resistance in the House of Commons from MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, as representative of those Scottish members who wish to "complete the work of free education"; but we doubt whether there will be much heart in an opposition which must be conscious of its own unpopularity. In Ireland there is nobody, either Unionist or Nationalist, to object to the plan of handing over one of the sums of 40,000/- to the Board of Intermediate Education to expend on the purposes for which that body was created; and virtually nobody to complain of the other 40,000/- being devoted to the objects of the Irish Labourers' Dwellings Acts. As to England's share in the fund, the proposed mode of disposing of that is one which certainly does not lie in the mouth, noisy and incontinent as it is, of the English Radical to object to. The fanatics who perhaps

really feel, and the hypocritical partisans who feign, conscientious repugnance to the employment of the new taxes in the purchase of licences, are either identical with or include, or are included in, the body of faddists who believe that the stream of the world's economical history can be turned back by a sufficiently industrious multiplication of technical schools and agricultural colleges. The assent of these persons to the proposal of the Government was therefore practically assured. There are no immediate means, it is true, of spending the money to be handed over to the English County Councils on technical or agricultural education; but the Councils will take it, subject to notice that charges for these educational purposes may hereafter be laid upon them, and the affirmation of the principle will be enough for the believers in the nostrums in question.

A BOUT WITH THE GLOVES.

THE match between the Social Democrat Slogger and the Radical Chicken from Northampton showed some pretty pieces of sparring. The Chairman declared the match a draw, but good judges will have no difficulty in deciding that there was a win, and that it was the Northampton champion who came off best. It was a fight between mere go and science, and science got the best of it, as it always does, when the scientific one is not wanting in pluck. Now the Northampton man has plenty of pluck, and he accordingly knocked his opponent all about the ring. The exhibition cannot fail to do good to the members of the fancy who came to witness it. They will learn that bounce is not boxing, and be a little less inclined to swagger in future. As usual, the mob round the ropes tried to cross the fight, but they were kept in tolerable order, and the men fought their rounds out. The result will probably prevent any repetition of the exhibition. In future the Slogger will find it more convenient to deal with a dummy. One of his friends who backed out of such a match a short time ago is doubtless hugging himself for his prudence.

In fact, the disputation at the St. James's Hall between Mr. HYNDMAN and Mr. BRADLAUGH was no disputation at all in the proper sense of the word. Mr. HYNDMAN made frothy assertions, and Mr. BRADLAUGH blew their heads off with facts. It is impossible to make out quite what Mr. HYNDMAN was arguing for. He said that an Eight Hours' Bill would bring about a kind of comparative millennium; but, when he was asked to explain what kind of Bill, and how it was to be enforced, he could only begin again at the beginning with his assertions, and go all over the ground. Some of these assertions were, indeed, amazing—as, for instance, that the death-rate always falls during a strike, which Mr. BRADLAUGH properly treated with contempt. Of course Mr. HYNDMAN repeated the familiar old contention that a diminution in the length of hours of work is followed by a rise in the quality. Proof of this was, of course, not forthcoming. It is no proof of it to show that in some trades an eight hours' shift has been adopted if they are trades which require skill or exceptional strength. In these cases the workmen are naturally able to make good terms for themselves. Very little or no good could have been done by attempts to tie Mr. HYNDMAN down to precise statements, and Mr. BRADLAUGH, after showing at sufficient length that his opponent either did not know what he meant, or would not say it, went himself to the root of the matter. He asked the workmen present to realize what a compulsory eight hours' day would mean. If it meant that no man would be allowed to work more than eight hours in the twenty-four, the result would be that any one of them who lost three days by accident or illness would be unable to make it good, and would therefore be compelled to lose the three days' wages. Of course, also, no man would be allowed to work on his own behalf, and all must be prepared to submit to a great deal of espionage and mere police control. This part of Mr. BRADLAUGH's speech was so loudly cheered as to impose silence on the disorderly part of the meeting, which, in the regular friend-of-freedom style, endeavoured to suppress hostile criticism by clamour. The approval it earned was well deserved, for it put the whole gist of the dispute into a nutshell. Those of the audience who were not mere howlers, but honest men really anxious to improve their condition, must have seen what a yoke the Eight Hours' Bill would put upon their necks. What it would give them, supposing it could be applied, would be as nothing in

comparison to the freedom, the power, and the right to better themselves which it would take away. It would tie the hands of the strong and industrious for the benefit of the weak and lazy. It would reduce all industry to the level to which Mr. HYNDMAN's friends have brought the work in the London Docks. What the result of that would be Mr. BRADLAUGH described in language of considerable vigour. Besides stating the common sense of the question, he extorted a priceless confession of the real meaning of the other side. It was given in the form of a howl and in the words "Thrift is 'all bosh.' Just so; from the Social Democrat point of view it is bosh. It would be so much nicer to step into possession of the results of other people's thrift by the help of a tidy little law. This is the point on which the Social Democrat differs from Conservative, Liberal, and Radical alike. The more distinctly the divergence is explained the better it will be for the country. If Mr. BRADLAUGH goes on insisting on it to audiences who sadly need to have the truth told them, and are more likely to listen to it from him than from most men, he will in time atone for much.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

THERE must be a great deal of public spirit in Sir JOHN LUBBOCK if he never felt inclined to abandon his candidature for the Chairmanship of the London County Council, or if he maintains his accustomed cheerfulness now that he has been elected. It is certainly difficult to suppose him proud of the position, pleased with the way in which the majority of the Council (of which he may be called a member) dealt with his claims to the chair, or hopeful of being very useful in it. Since the Progressives of the Council, as they fondly call themselves, had no candidate of their own to set against him, it might have been imagined that even they would have mustered grace enough to permit his election unopposed. It is not as if he had ever offended them by stern reprehension of their principles or their methods of advancing their policies. More than once he has defended both in the House of Commons, when it must have been extremely difficult for any discreet or moderate man to champion either. He has gone so far as to make the celebrated Bow Creek and Brockwell Park Bill his care; and yet, when he came up for election to the Chairmanship on Tuesday, with all the claims which his position in the Council, his experience of its business, his distinguished citizenship, and his high character gave to him, he received twenty-eight hostile votes from a faction which could find no better candidate of their own. Moreover, it appears that less than three-fourths of the Council took part in the division, and that nearly every absentee was a "Progressist."

Temper—which is so enormous an ingredient of the Progressist character wherever it appears—accounts for this useless and profitless display of the churl; though no doubt the Progressists of the London County Council would call it indomitable assertion of political conscience. The truth seems to be that some of these gentlemen believed their party sacrificed to a base and groundless timidity in high places; while others thought themselves the victims of a dark and tortuous intrigue—an intrigue so tortuous and dark, indeed, as to wear a look of treachery. As the whole realm of Bumbledom is aware, their hearts had been set on the Marquess of RIPON for Chairman—a peer, a personage, and an out-and-out Home Rule Gladstonian Progressist. Lord RIPON—who, though one of the least statesmanlike of men and the feeblest in judgment, has a certain faculty for minor official business—declined to stand for the honour offered to him; and after a little while it appeared, or was believed, that he had done so on the interference of Mr. GLADSTONE. And why did Mr. GLADSTONE interfere? Because—so the story ran—the great Opposition leader had looked into the matter; and, having done so, he had come to the conclusion that Lord RIPON might possibly be defeated. At the best, he would be returned by a narrow majority; and, "in view of his 'high standing in the Liberal party, it would not be 'advantageous to face either alternative." That was the explanation; and it was immediately followed by a variety of acute inquiries as to who had put these ideas into the innocent head of the Chief! "Who," it is indignantly asked, "is the informer?" Who could it be but Lord ROSEBERY, who, spite of his declaration of neutrality, had been

July 26, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

101

"secretly favouring Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's candidature—for the same reason that AUGUSTUS made TIBERIUS his successor." To such lofty heights of suspicion are Progressive London County Councillors capable of ascending, according to the report of their nearest friends. Of course, these noble spirits were angry, desperately angry; and the conviction that they could certainly have carried Lord RIRON by a sufficiently good majority intensified the disgust that found expression in flouting Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who has already been given to understand that he must expect to be displaced at the general election of officers in November.

Before that day arrives, however—the holidays intervening—our civic Progressists will have time to cool; and they may even be visited by doubts as to whether, looking at the matter from the party point of view itself (which is everything), their great leader may not have been wiser than they. Mr. GLADSTONE's reasons for interposition (if he did interpose) may have been deeper and finer than he chose to avow. No doubt he could say with perfect sincerity that "Lord RIRON would be an excellent man—"most excellent"; but what in very truth was the "but" that thereupon troubled Mr. GLADSTONE's mind? It may have been no more than he is reported to have delivered himself of; possibly, however, there was a reserve consideration unexpressed. Had the situation admitted of perfect candour, Mr. GLADSTONE might have said, "Lord RIRON would be an excellent man—most excellent. No one can surpass Lord RIRON in devotion to his party; it is for this that we all admire him so much; on this account it is that you would choose him for your Chairman; but are there not occasions when excess of zeal is indiscretion? You are aware that the splendour and persistence of your attacks on property and privilege have already occasioned some uneasiness in the metropolis of Conservatism. You should not forget that the London County Council is subject to periodical re-election, and that a time approaches when an exasperated Toryism, rendered more insensate by rates, will find its opportunity. And while you bear that in mind, consider whether it would be wise to end your first term of existence with a Lord RIRON at your head." May we not suppose that this was in Mr. GLADSTONE's old Parliamentary mind when or if he deprecated the choice of Lord RIRON? And are there many Progressists in the London County Council so inconsiderate as to doubt the discretion of enforcing such counsel?

Yet we behold them still mourning over the loss of Lord RIRON, and deplored the check which Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's "weakness" may put upon their extravagances—at any rate for a time. But the sincerity of their grief is less remarkable than the daring with which it is displayed. For a little while after the constitution of the London County Council some outward respect was still paid to the fable of party independence. It was not for long, certainly; but the fact that the Councils of which Lord ROSEBURY's was chief were administrative bodies, and would take an unintended and purely mischievous character if they became party associations, was acknowledged more or less. It certainly would not have been denied by the more responsible party leaders. Very soon, however, we discovered what the Radical majority of the London Council understood to be their proper business; and now, unless the Opposition prints have given false and calumnious accounts of the way in which the Chairmanship has been arranged for, the machination of the London County Council is openly managed by the chiefs of the Gladstonian party, and even by Mr. GLADSTONE himself. If that Council were a Radical Association of the kind that Mr. SCHNADHORST drives, it could hardly have been handled in a more candidly partisan spirit. There is no longer a pretence of acknowledgment that it should be a purely administrative body, carrying on a certain order of business without regard to political preferences. From Mr. GLADSTONE downward (if all's true that we hear) the Radicals regard the London County Council as a portion of the party agency, and are determined to keep it so by the customary exercise of oversight and advice from headquarters. This is a lesson for us, surely. At the last election for London County Councilmen the Conservatives were as neglectful as they usually are. Perhaps they believed that, since the Council would be ultimately judged by rates and rating, its members might be trusted to stick to their rightful tasks, whether they were of one political party or another. It was a far too confiding belief, and has now been exploded altogether. The London County

Council, as it exists, is a Radical political association, serving the party to which its majority belongs by the adoption of popular socialistic doctrine; and no matter how softly it may go from this time onward (not that we have any warrant for believing that it will abate its extravagances), that well-developed fact must not be overlooked at the next elections.

THE END OF THE WRANGLE.

THE conclusion of the debate on the Irish Estimates was marked by at least one interesting and instructive incident. We refer to the sudden and painful deviation of a Parnellite member into candour and good faith in his observations on a point on the Irish policy of the Government. Mr. JACKSON, whose lucid and informing statement as to the progress of light railway construction in Ireland immediately preceded Colonel NOLAN's lapse, must be held partly responsible therefor; but in the main, no doubt, it is to be attributed to a temporary or permanent decline of the "patriotic" ardour of the offender himself. When the SECRETARY to the TREASURY, after making the statement above-mentioned, resumed his seat, Colonel NOLAN, who followed him, so far forgot himself as to aver that "the statement of the right hon. gentleman was on the whole a satisfactory one." The extraordinary assertion of the gallant Colonel was greeted by "those about him" with cries of "No, no," and by those opposite him with exclamations of "Hear, hear"; and listening, it is to be feared, rather to the latter voices than to the former, he went on to lay down the monstrous proposition that "these lines"—lines, be it remembered, which have been some of them actually planned, and are now in process of construction under the auspices of the "base, contemptible, and cowardly" CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD LIEUTENANT—"would be of great benefit to Ireland." In nearly all the coast districts, proceeded this recreant soldier, "there was good fishing, but at present it was impossible to get the fish caught conveyed to the market"; as if that had anything to do with the matter, or as if a Parnellite member of Parliament had not other fish to fry than those on which his countrymen subsist. Colonel NOLAN, however, appeared to have got the "development of Irish resources" on the brain; for, not content with praising what the Government had done already, he actually went so far as to express a fear that they would not proceed fast enough with their work to suit him. No wonder Mr. W. REDMOND felt it his duty to administer to his "hon. and gallant friend" the crushing rebuke—a rebuke almost intolerable when one considers the weight of years and wisdom behind it—that he "could not altogether agree with him." The Government, said Mr. REDMOND, "would probably fail in their designs, which, after all, to be carried out with success, ought to be entrusted to the Irish people themselves." The railways, that is to say, will not connect fish with fish-markets, or enable the fisherman's "catch" to exchange, to mutual profit, with the money of the fishmonger, unless certain Irish gentlemen hold snug appointments in Dublin, instead of being troubled, as they are at present, to run backwards and forwards across St. George's Channel to earn their salaries.

This little interchange of views between Mr. REDMOND and Colonel NOLAN was really so delightful an illustration of the Nationalist "attitude"—if we may so describe the motion of a hand towards a pocket—that it fittingly closed the discussion on the Irish Estimates. The earlier period of the evening had been occupied with matter of a more familiar and less amusing kind. It was nothing less than a revival of the annual grievance with respect to the treatment of Irish prisoners, a subject introduced by Mr. FLYNN, and spoken to by Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, apparently under the strangely erroneous impression that Irish members have "left half-told, The story of O'BRIEN bold." Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE had been greatly exercised in his mind at the treatment of the member for North-East Cork during his last imprisonment in Galway Gaol; or it may be, perhaps, at his own treatment, in not being, at first, allowed to see the prisoner except in the presence of a warden. Inasmuch, however, as the visiting justices, as soon as they were reassured by hearing the name of a politician whose incursions into Irish politics have never inspired any Executive, or other authority, with the slightest uneasiness, made a special exception in his favour, it is

difficult to see where exactly either his or Mr. O'BRIEN's grievance comes in. As to the general treatment of that hero in being compelled, all "member of Parliament" as he is, to actually submit to prison rules made only for common Irishmen not elected by Mr. PARNELL to the Legislature, Mr. BALFOUR aptly cited the case of Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM's imprisonment as an answer to those complaints. We are not enthusiastic admirers of the member for Lanarkshire, but we confess to regarding the contrast between his behaviour and that of the Parnellite patriots with some complacency.

A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

WE believe that there exists a Mutual Benefit Society which undertakes, for the annual payment of one guinea, to keep its members constantly supplied with new umbrellas. How the trick is done we must let the ingenuity of our readers determine for them. It is held by some so-called moralists, whose levity cannot be too strongly condemned, that the Eighth Commandment contains an implied reservation in favour of the common gamp or gingham. The objection that these machines had not been invented when the utterance in question was promulgated will no more, they say, hold water than a lady's parasol. In the first place, there is no evidence of the fact; and, in the second place, the Old Testament is prophetic as well as historic. Umbrellas now play a large and important part in human affairs. Even the reduction of the Liberal majority in Mid-Durham has been traced by ingenious apologists to the fact that the classes, being provided with these implements, polled in larger proportions than their opponents on a day wet even for July. It was on just such a day—perhaps at the very moment when honest colliers in the North were considering whether Mr. JOHN WILSON was worth a wet skin—that Captain CAMPBELL, of Lowndes Street, Albert Gate, went, not to the polling-booth, but to the dentist. He went no further than Sloane Street. But, alas! he returned without his umbrella. He had been the victim of a very cruel and heartless outrage. We have said that umbrellas are associated with penal laxity, which can only be combated by going down to the bed-rock, and taking a firm stand on the first principles of social ethics. Bishops at the Athenaeum, schoolboys in pupil-room, Americans in hotels, members of both Houses of Parliament, may be invited to ask themselves why wood, and silk, and whalebone are less a man's property than the precious metals. An umbrella costs money. It is useful; in some circumstances indispensable. It may be ornamental; and from this, or some other, cause has inspired in the breast of its owner a feeling not remote from personal affection. Surely, surely, we cannot be justified in stealing our neighbour's umbrella, popular convention or custom notwithstanding, when by so doing we may not only deprive him of a cherished companion, but spoil his hat into the bargain.

But it is needless to pursue this topic further. For, whatever may be a man's general views with respect to umbrellas, he will admit, unless he is lost to all sense of decency and humanity, that there is something sacred in the dentist's chair. To plunder the patient while he is in the hands of the tormentor, while the wheel is revolving, and the drill is being applied, strikes one as hardly human. It resembles the offence of pillaging blind men's trays, than which no conceivable action could be meaner. Captain CAMPBELL was naturally incensed, and his martial ardour led him to the nearest police-court. There he found Mr. D'EYNCOURT, and stated his complaint to that worthy magistrate. The Captain mentioned two aggravating circumstances which, according to him, were evidence of malice on the part of the offender. In the first place, that person had no umbrella of his own. In the second place, the umbrella of the Captain—hereinafter called the Captain's umbrella—had a very peculiar handle. The cumulative force of these two facts is not at first sight obvious. For an umbrellaless man can hardly be capable of thinking that he has an umbrella, and yet incapable of imagining it to have a peculiar handle. Mr. D'EYNCOURT did not encourage the gallant Captain in his thirst for vengeance. He thought it must be "all a mistake." But, then, what has become of the Captain's umbrella? If removed by mistake, it might, one would think, have been returned.

There has been an animated correspondence between the dentist's two customers, with the dentist brought in as third party. One of the letters is described by the Captain as "very insulting." Meanwhile, the Captain has bought a new umbrella, and put off going to Scotland, where he would have been able to handel it without loss of time. It is all most perplexing, none the less because the base abductor says that somebody has stolen his hat. Mr. D'EYNCOURT, an old magisterial hand, declined to go into the questions who stole what from whom, and how many times, or how otherwise. The applicant left to "consult his solicitor." It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. In this case the only person who can be congratulated is Captain CAMPBELL's solicitor.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON.

AMONG books for the holiday season, the book that is good to read anywhere, yet best of all in the open air, is that which most attracts the many who will not long delay their flight from town. Good provision in this kind of literature may be drawn from the "Silver" series now publishing by Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. The lover of the country who loves a book for company has a fair choice in these cheap illustrated volumes, bound in neat cloth and well printed on good paper. Here, for example, are new editions of Dr. STANLEY'S *History of Birds*; of the last collection of essays by RICHARD JEFFERIES, *Field and Hedge-row*; and of the Rev. J. G. WOOD's pleasant studies of the natural history of the year, *Out of Doors*. These are the very books to be desired for a quiet hour's reading under the greenwood tree, by riverside, or seashore. They may all be dipped into and suffer no wrong. To obtain so excellent a book as Dr. STANLEY'S *Familiar History of Birds* for three and sixpence is almost to receive a gift. For right instruction, we assume, it is necessary that books of this class should be edited to date, though we cannot pretend to sympathize with the process. But in Dr. STANLEY's book the man of science makes a reverent intervention, and has done his spiritizing gently. The sometime Bishop of Norwich was a delightful writer; clear and animated are his descriptions, excellent is his literary method. Nothing could be pleasanter than his anecdotes of land and water birds, and the great family of coast-marine fowls. That is an old yet always charming story of the blind German woman and her guardian gander. The annals of that noble and rare bird, "although so rare, 'uncommon common on a common,'" as the poet sings, comprise much that is not less moving, and little that is more impressive. This wise and angelic creature would hold the woman by her gown and gently lead her till he had her safe in her seat in church, and then would he turn himself out to grass in the churchyard to strictly meditate the prolific pasture until the close of sermon. Dr. STANLEY confessed to some misgivings about this pretty story up to the happy moment of his conversion through hearing of the Cheshire farmer and the affectionate goose. This bird developed a beautiful partiality for her master's society. She would quit her companions to go with him everywhere. Where he stayed would she stay, his ways were hers, his people her people, and life for her only happy with him. She would follow the plough if he were ploughman, and was as much delighted by a clean straight furrow as any competitor in a ploughing match. If the farmer tired of these attentions, as often haps to an inconstant man, he was forced to make fast the devoted bird, as if she were a mere dog or horse. The end is heart-rending. To quote the mildly reprehensive language of the Bishop, the man, "with an unpardonable inattention to so wonderful a case," sacrificed the goose to his superstitious fears. He thought there was foreboding of evil in the love of the faithful bird, and to avert the threatened mischance he killed her. It is not recorded whether he slept any more after this ruthless murder, or that his dreams were horrid with the torture of gigantic butcher-birds. To be speared by shrikes, screamed at by parrots, worried by the monstrous bills of spectral toucans, were fit retribution for so cruel a deed.

The many excellent woodcuts in this reprint of Dr. STANLEY'S book add considerably to its charm. The small cuts of individual birds are uncommonly good in drawing and execution. Nothing could be prettier than the picture of the happy family in the prairie owl's burrow, the pair

ment of herons as seen by a gentleman "riding along the 'turnpike road,'" the sandmartins visited by a hawk, the edible swallows "at home," and the thrilling sketch of the St. Kilda man leaping in mid-air at the saving rope while engaged in the dangerous trade of bird-catching. *Field and Hedgerow*, the "last essays" of RICHARD JEFFERIES, opens with a portrait of the author, an etching by Mr. W. STRANG. Less studied than some of the writer's work, these essays are the cheerfulness, the most sunshiny, of his many admirable records of nature and the moods of nature. To the reader in "artificial cityfied air" they bring enchanting visions of wild and wind-swept places, the generous circle of a sunny horizon, and rich woodland haunts of birds and shy creatures. But out of doors, amid the "lisp" of leaves," as Mr. SWINBURNE sweetly sings, is the right environment for the reader, when a strong south wind yields "a cloudless blue sky blown pale, a summer sun blown cool," or when "some monstrous dragon of the Chinese sky pants his fiery breath upon us" in the swooning August day. Then is the time to watch "from morn to noon" the flight of the July fly in the July grass, after the study of RICHARD JEFFERIES, or to get "a little alchemy out of the dandelions." And truly a good deal of alchemy may be obtained of such a book by the jaded townsman; reconstituted blood and a new liver, perchance. Pure air is better than exercise for the overworked, and *Field and Hedgerow* is excellent to take with the air. *Out of Doors*, by the late Rev. J. G. WOOD, deals mainly with the practical aspects of natural history, and is full of good matter for the collector and a Field Club's ramble. Despite the title, the book is less exclusively a book for the open air than its companions are. Yet it is not necessary to be an entomologist to enjoy "A Summer Walk through an English Lane," or "The Repose of Nature," or the excellent study entitled "A Blackberry-Bush in Autumn." Nature is the theme of the three volumes, and the bond of their present association. Following the example of the "Triads" of the Welsh bards, they may be said to stimulate the three fundamental gifts of the complete lover of nature; "the eye that can see nature, the heart that can feel nature, and the resolution that dares follow nature."

THE NAVY.

ADMIRAL of the Fleet Sir THOMAS SYMONDS sticks to his task of arousing the statesmen who direct our affairs to a due sense of the weakness of the navy with a touching pertinacity. We will not say, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, for there can be none better, if only the need to fight in it is real. The trouble is, that we cannot be sure there is cause at present, and Sir THOMAS SYMONDS's elaborate statistics have not removed our doubts. There is about his way of arguing his case something which makes us suspect that he would always find matter of complaint, whatever the Ministry did. Then his argument and his figures alike bear a very close resemblance to much which has been recently published in France, tending to show that the French navy is in precisely the condition which Sir THOMAS attributes to ours. Naval critics of that nation make all those complaints of the number and quality of ships which are heard here. It is even, to complete the comparison, not so very long since we saw a French naval officer warn his countrymen that England was adding to the strength of her navy in a most alarming manner, and on a colossal scale. Obviously, said this Frenchman, who can see into a milestone as well as another, this is one of those deep-laid, wicked schemes commonly carried out by the grasping Albion. She has her eye on the liberties of Europe, and will be grabbing something before long. Perhaps Sir THOMAS will say that this is all the wiliness of the Frenchman, who is practising on our innocence—trying to throw us off our guard. It is a shrewd point, but then we have known Frenchmen of sagacity say just the same thing about Sir THOMAS SYMONDS. On each side of the Channel there is an immense respect for the astuteness of the inhabitants of the other. We know the French flatter us. May it not be the case that we also flatter them?

Neither does the native force of the arguments used by Sir THOMAS and other gentlemen who are for ever warning us of the approaching naval ruin of the country appear quite convincing to the calm reader. They take too much for granted, and overlook very important considerations.

It is to be observed that they have all a way of comparing the present relative strength of the British navy with what it was in 1813—that is to say, they compare it after a generation of peace with what it was at the end of twenty years of incessant victorious war. A very large part of our navy at that time was composed of prizes taken from Danes, French, Spaniards, and Dutch. Moreover, all Europe had then been turned topsy-turvy by Napoleon. Any comparison between the periods is absurd. The proper date to take is not 1813, but 1793. Now in that year our position was much what, on the showing of Sir THOMAS, it is now—that is to say, the combined navies of France and Spain were rather stronger than ours in mere numbers—just as the French and Russians are now, according to him. We do not accept his estimate of their force, because we remember the wide difference there always is between effective and paper strength. It is one of the absurd features of the universal alarmist cry that critics of all nations, when summing up the strength of neighbours, include a number of ships which that neighbour himself declares to be *non-valeurs*. Indeed, this system of comparison, by counting of bowsprits, is essentially absurd. A State which has money and will can always get ships, but it cannot get crews. The Spaniards at the end of the last century had an imposing list of four-, three-, and two-deckers; but Sir JOHN JERVIS showed what they were worth off Cape St. Vincent, manned as they were. To-day it is believed that the Italians have repeated the same mistake. They have built more ships than they can provide with engineers—and what is the use of a vessel if she cannot be handled? Therefore, we do not think much of these comparisons. Still less are we terrified by the many dreadful pictures drawn of foreign cruisers rushing all over the sea to snap up our merchant ships. Steamers cannot go about without coal. This fact is remembered well enough by the croakers when they are thinking about ourselves; but they seem habitually to forget that it applies quite as forcibly to other nations. In this, as in other things, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Indeed, the difficulty will be worse for the enemy than for us, as has just been shown. The French are conducting naval manoeuvres off Ushant at this moment, and have exhausted every ton of coals in Brest in equipping their squadron. What has happened in peace might equally happen in war.

A RETURNING PRODIGAL?

WE need hardly say, we presume, that the hopes with which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's latest utterances are calculated to inspire the Unionist party in general are nowhere more heartily welcomed than in these columns. The too frequent vagaries of the member for Paddington have met with censure as severe and outspoken here as anywhere; but we have never been insensible to the considerable services which Lord RANDOLPH has rendered to the cause of the Union in the past, nor have we ever despaired of seeing him add to them hereafter. It is with especial satisfaction, therefore, that we note the speech which he has just delivered as the guest of the Conservative Club. If it was not quite as vigorous and well pointed as many of his earlier commentaries upon political affairs, it was, on the other hand, distinguished by a more uniform discretion than has sometimes guided the course of the orator's eloquence, and in point of tone and temper it was irreproachable. The review of the legislative career of the Government in which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL played so brief a part was alike just and generous, and his contention that their policy and acts must be judged as a whole was one on which it is most opportune and helpful at this moment to insist. "You and I," he reminded his audience the other night, "may occasionally differ from HER MAJESTY's Government. We may occasionally, either in public or in private, criticize it. I may criticize expenditure; I may censure the appointment of the PARNELL Commission; you may complain of the introduction of the licensing laws reform into the Government programme; you may lament the legislative failure of this Session; you and I may reasonably have discerned some want of sufficiency of skill in the management of public business or some insufficiency of determination on the part of the Government to adhere to positions. But when we come to give a judgment on the conduct of the Government we take

"their career as a whole; we compare it with that of the Administration whom they succeeded, and we calculate what would be our fate if our opponents obtained power."

All this, no doubt, is sound advice, and the distinction between hostile criticism of individual acts of the Government and an adverse verdict on their total political record is well worth insisting on. But when deliverances of this kind are adduced—as this has been adduced—in support of Lord RANDOLPH's claim to re-admission into the Cabinet, it is surely necessary to "distinguish" a little. With every desire to greet a returning prodigal, one may yet be permitted to ask, before killing the fatted calf for him, in what spirit and with what amount of appreciation of his past errors he presents himself at the domestic hearth? The repentant youth in the parable returned, it may be remembered, with the fixed resolve to make a confession of his sins; it is a little disconcerting to find that our political prodigal does not seem to be even aware of what they are. There was more ingenuity than ingenuousness in his assumption of a fellowship with his Conservative hosts, the other night, on the exercise of the function of independent critics of the Government. Lord RANDOLPH, however, cannot but be aware that it is not his performances as a critical "outsider"—to use his own word—which have made him an object of distrust. When he talks of what "you" and "I" have done in "criticizing" this, and "censuring" that, and "complaining" of the other, he insinuates that his own action has been confined, like that of those whom he was addressing, to criticism, to censure, and to complaint. But this, as we all know, is not so; as one conspicuous and memorable instance will suffice to prove. Lord RANDOLPH did something very much more serious, and very much less excusable, than merely "censuring the appointment of the PARNELL Commission." What he did was to take such a course in the House of Commons with reference to the Report of that Commission as would have resulted, if it had met the support on which he must be presumed to have counted, in the defeat and resignation of the Government, and the accession of their adversaries to office. We are unable to reconcile deliberate action of this kind with a sincere profession of approval of the Ministerial "career as a whole," or with the *bona fides* of the declaration that he compares their career as a whole with that of the Administration whom they succeeded, and calculates what would be our fate if our opponents obtained power. It is not Lord RANDOLPH's fault that they did not obtain power through his own instrumentality. We owe this to the circumstance that the sound principle to which in words he has lately declared his adhesion has a more real influence over the action of the Conservative party at large, and even over his own little handful of followers, than it had over his. And that means that his offence on that occasion was of the gravest character—too grave certainly to be purged by a few fair words. The door of reconciliation ought not certainly to be inexorably closed against him; but it should open only on condition of his giving more solid proof of repentance than he has yet furnished.

THE LATEST MARE'S-NEST.

M R. GLADSTONE'S sudden discovery that the reference to Parliament of the cession of Heligoland is a constitutional offence of the first magnitude may or may not be another illustration of his later manner of leading his party. It is quite possible, that is to say, that he did not condescend to consider the question raised by the Anglo-German Agreement until the measure had already passed the House of Lords, and that it was, therefore, unfortunately impossible for him to furnish Lord GRANVILLE and Lord ROSEBERY with a point so telling for the debate in the Upper House as that a Conservative PRIME MINISTER had dealt the heaviest blow at the Royal Prerogative that it had received for two hundred years. On the other hand, there are indications that the "point" in question—Heaven save it!—is not Mr. GLADSTONE's at all, but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's. For that pundit was observed to be very busy during Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, and that not only in prompting, but, to judge from appearances, in occasionally correcting, his leader; and it is certain that he had furbished up his own constitutional learning before coming down to the House, so as to be in a position

to roll the names of bygone statesmen and lawyers round his tongue with that voluptuous familiarity which some other people are accustomed to use only with the titles of living peers. It is, we say, a quite plausible conjecture that the mare's-nest which the House of Commons were so solemnly invited to inspect the other night was the discovery, not of Mr. GLADSTONE, but of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. A conjecture, however, it must remain; and we shall probably never know for certain to which of the two belongs the credit of discerning that the control of the House of Commons over the foreign policy of Governments would be, not increased, but diminished, by requiring the assent of Parliament to treaties involving the cession of British territory to foreign Powers.

Whether, in agreeing with Germany that that assent should be sought and obtained in the present instance, the Government have or have not established a precedent, is a question into which we do not now propose to enter. Ministers themselves—and perhaps excusably where the point is so nice a one—are not in accord with each other on the question; and we need only say now that we would rather hold with Mr. GOSCHEN, that the action of the Government does not establish a precedent for the submission of all territory-ceding treaties to Parliament, than hold with Mr. BALFOUR that it does. But, assuming the latter view, which of course is that of the Opposition, to be the correct one, we can subscribe to every one of the CHIEF SECRETARY's arguments in refutation of Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The contention that a "control" once possessed by the House of Commons alone would be "divided with the House of Lords" if all such treaties were submitted to Parliament, affords a more beautiful example of the enslavement of the human understanding to the tyranny of phrases than any other that we can at the moment recall. What Mr. GLADSTONE is pleased to call the "control" of the House of Commons over treaties with foreign States is the power—quite an illusory one now that impeachment and attainder, the Tower and the axe, have become obsolete—of visiting the guilty Governments who conclude bad treaties with whatever penalties they can still inflict. The only such penalty, as everybody knows, is expulsion of the peccant Ministers from office; and this punishment the House of Commons would be able to inflict just as they can at present, whether with or without the assent of the House of Lords, if all treaties were submitted to Parliament—the only, but the highly important, difference being that, whereas they can at present only punish, they would then be able, as Mr. BALFOUR pointed out, to punish Ministers for the mere mischievous design of their policy, and arrest its execution. To represent this as a derogation of the power at present possessed by the House of Commons is too fantastically perverted a contention to have been devised by anybody but a party politician in desperation. That the change of constitutional practice would give a power to the House of Lords which it does not at present possess may be true enough; but Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT cannot themselves have so confused a conception of the matter as not to see at whose expense the power will be acquired, and that it will be simply carved out of the Royal Prerogative, and not out of the authority or constitutional jurisdiction of the House of Commons. That this is how it *will* be acquired by the Lords may be, and in our view is, an objection to the establishment of the precedent in question; but it is not an objection which Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT can avow, and hence their discovery of the mare's-nest in which their only avowable objection lies hid.

LINKS NOT MISSING.

XI.

PORTRUSH, NEWCASTLE, AND HOLYWOOD.

A S a rule, golfers are not reading men. Most of them, however, will have read the chapter on "Snakes in Ireland." Not many years ago snakes and golfers were equally plentiful in Ireland. An article on Irish golf would then have been easier to write, as thus:—"There is no golf in Ireland." Unfortunately for the writer and the reader, but happily for the golfer, the telling of the Irish golf of to-day cannot be done with such sweet brevity.

Portrush is the St. Andrews of Ireland. It is two hours and half by train from Belfast. Undoubtedly the first impression of the pilgrim golfer will be the warmth of the reception given him

July 26, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

105

by the golfers of the "Loyal North." They will treat him with plenteous kindness, and whisky. His second impression will be that the air is very bracing, and his third that the putting-greens are very heavy. A straight and strong drive to the first hole brings you short up on the bristly bunker back of a sand-hill, and you may dig about there for some time before you get the ball out on to the green beyond. But if you play on the proper line—little to the left—you may outflank the sand-hill, and putt or iron up to the hole, so as to give yourself a remote chance of a three. If you are a stranger, you will be short with your iron shot, and then short with your putt, and most likely take five, and will begin to say that Portrush is "not golf." The second hole is two fair, full shots, over fine golfy turf, and with glorious views of the sea and the Derry coast. The hole is in a valley which need be no vale of tears if you hole out in five. The next hole is but a cleek shot, but all sorts of things may happen before you reach it. For you tee down in the valley with the hillside before you, so that, if you do not loft well, you only burrow into the hill. There is another valley before you get to the putting-green, and, if ever you do get there, you wonder how you did it, so perched up is it on a plateau with bunker trouble so near. Despite all the trouble, you may quite well do the hole in three. And by this time you will be beginning to realize that you spoke in haste when you said the putting was "not golf," and will repent at your leisure as you begin to learn the strength; for, though they are very heavy greens, they are also very true. You can putt firmly on them. They are good greens.

A fine drive to the fourth hole will take you well over a burn, with whins and rat-holes and abomination of diverse sorts about it; and a lofting wrist shot will then put you on the hole. The fifth hole is a drive and an iron shot into the corner of a rather flat and unprofitable field. If the drive be topped, a three-cornered arrangement of roads and hedges will exact no one can say what penalties. Further, there is a scheme afloat for setting a trap in the field for a topped iron shot by digging a bunker. The next hole is the "long hole," two full drives and an iron shot. A heeled ball will land you on the road which leads to the Giant's Causeway. An electric tramway goes along this road, and to lie in one of the tramway lines is peculiarly objectionable. Beside the tram lines runs a bar charged with electricity for the use of the engines. If you steal the electricity by touching this bar, you will not wish to play golf any more that day, so powerful is the shock. It is a unique form of golfing hazards. On the left, to receive a pulled ball, are several acres of bracken which is supposed to be very bad lying ground; but, as no one has ever yet found his ball in it, this is a purely *a priori* view. But, if you are straight, and carry a little bank about fifteen yards from the tee, there is nothing to prevent you from taking your driver again, and putting yourself over another little bank, and short of a third which is just before the hole. The seventh is only an iron pitch on to a green cleared among the bracken—soft, but true. It is felicitously named the "Feather-bed" hole. With a raking, long cleek shot it is possible that you may put yourself on the green of the eighth hole in one, but not probable; for the green is perched up on high among the benty sand-hills, and, if not very accurate, you will be digging among sand and bent and moss. Should you top your cleek shot, you have a deal of struggling before you reach the hole. To the ninth hole you drive away far among the sand-hills, where a half-topped or crooked ball meets fearful punishment; but, if you are both "far and sure," you may find yourself within a short lofting shot of home. A drive over formidable sand-hills will put you on the green of the next, which is close beside the road and the electric tramway. The tee shot to the eleventh is unevenful, unless you pull the ball into a corn-field or slice it into bracken and rabbit-holes; but the iron shot into the little green, well named the "Saucer," is full of banks and brass and trouble for him who tops. The twelfth is but a full drive, and may well be done in three; but any error to right or left, or any topping, is again cruelly punished. Then you climb up the sand-hills, and from the lofty teeing-ground see as appalling a prospect as ever made golfer call for his niblick. It would need the pen of a poet to do it justice. Several thousand feet below you (as it appears) is a burn which bubbles towards the sea. Its banks are precipitous with bunker, and fringed with a profusion of flora such as the golfing grounds of the Emerald Isle alone produce. But you ought to carry it all. If the wind is behind, the hole itself on the opposite high ground may be reached; and in a recent competition this tremendous hole was done by the two players in the final heat in 2 and 3 respectively. The next is only a little iron pitch—back over the burn and the flora. Now most golfers sometimes hit their iron shots on the shank of the iron; with some it is almost a habit. The effect is to send the ball to "cover-point." "Cover-point" at this particular hole is a Roman Catholic chapel—again a unique hazard in the world of the golf. For the next hole you cross the road, and tee in face of a great bunker named, from its shape, the "Crater." The hole is just beyond the Crater, and a very easy full shot should put you on the green. Ordinarily the bed of the Crater is in a quiescent state, but frequently bursts forth into sulphurous, volcanic activity, with showers of mud, when the golfer and his niblick are buried in its depths. A drive and an iron shot over ground which need not vex you if you keep straight, but with indefinite trouble for the wanderer, bring you to the sixteenth hole, and from the high teeing-ground to

the seventeenth you have a fine view of the boldly undulating links and the blue sea almost all around you (for Portrush is a peninsula), and the Donegal highlands in the distance, northward. These high tees are a great feature of the links, with their "switchback" undulations beneath you. The ball soars away as if it were never going to stop; but it does. It stops, if properly hit, within a little iron shot of the seventeenth hole, which sits up aloft on a saddle-back, most vexingly difficult to stop upon. Then a drive off another high-set teeing-ground, and a long iron or cleek shot over broken bunkers, bring you to the green of the eighteenth hole, and you can go to the little iron club-house and be rested and refreshed. The social needs of the golfer are well looked after at the Northern Counties Hotel, some quarter-mile distant.

The Giant's Causeway is a great Sabbath resort for the Portrush golfer, after morning church. It is some eight miles distant. The native giants sell you local curiosities, such as double-refracting spar, which makes a sixpence, held edgeways under it, look like two. But they will not give you a shilling for it. There is also a well there with peculiar qualities which are only brought out by whisky. They are not allowed to sell you whisky, but if you buy some of the water they will give you some of the whisky; the water, thus qualified, is said to have effects similar to those of the double-refracting spar. The whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the Giant's Causeway is in all the local guide-books.

Newcastle, County Down, is not far from Belfast, and you reach it by sitting for some two hours in what is locally called an express train. It is a watering-place lying beneath the shadow of a large mountain whose name few golfers can pronounce, and none can be expected to spell. Attached to Newcastle is an eighteen-hole golf course. It would not be quite fair, even if it were possible, to describe the Newcastle links in detail, because "detail," at present, would include several million rabbit-holes. But when the golfer shall have driven the rabbit into the outskirts of the course, there is no reason why Newcastle should not equal Portrush. Its capabilities are very great, and some of its hazards are on such scale that an indifferent golfer might get a day's work out of any one of them. Nine of the holes have been newly opened out, but the lies are not nearly as bad as they might be, and the putting-greens and grounds throughout the course will soon work down into very good material. The climate is mild and the views are beautiful. The mountain behind you as you go out is partly wooded with pines, and rises, dark and stern and grand, above them. You see it at its very best from the end of the links when you turn "two up."

Even nearer Belfast, only a few minutes' run by train, at Holywood, there is a links of nine holes, on a stretch of ground mysteriously named "the Kinnegar." Etymologists trace the name to "coney-gar," or rabbit warren; but here the golfer has effectually displaced the coney. He has not yet displaced the Royal Armagh Militia, whose tents are "teed up" all over the Kinnegar during a month or so in summer. But this matters little, because the Kinnegar is only a winter course. The grass grows long in summer, which is as much as to say that the soil is clay, not the real royal sandy links of Newcastle and Portrush. Still there is broken ground and whin which form good hazards, and in the winter months the Kinnegar is no bad test of golfing qualities. There is a most comfortable little club-house, and the Kinnegar in Ireland is entitled to all the veneration in which Blackheath is held in England, for it is the first soil in Ireland ever cleft by the golfer's niblick.

Southern Ireland is addicted to Home Rule, and plays golf on the Dollymount links near Dublin. These have the fame of being a real good golfing course, though flattish, and without the beautiful "switchback" arrangement of hill and valley which is the charm of Portrush.

The Irish caddie is a good native product. He is as zealous as the Scottish functionary, and preferable in that, knowing less about it, he is less critical.

AS YOU LIKE IT AGAIN.

WE have already recorded a first impression of Mr. Augustin Daly's presentation of the most lovely pastoral play known to the stage. As we then said, *As You Like It* begins and ends in Rosalind. A second visit more than confirms our original convictions. We can recall no reading of the part that comes so near to being a perfect realization of the poet's conception as the Rosalind of Miss Ada Rehan. Looking back to some seven or eight Rosalinds in the past, and not unhopeful of the stage's future, we are yet confident that we have not seen nor shall see such another Rosalind. Once again are we brought to the consideration of those magical qualities of nature and art which contribute to that measureless sum of charm we are forced to find entirely indefinable. Without attempting the fruitless quest of the analyst, or undertaking a scene-upon-scene examination of Miss Rehan's performance, it may be well to note that all that makes for charm has a twofold source. There is that which is subjective and personal—in which Miss Rehan is as richly endowed as any living actress—and that which is wholly due to the interpretative art of the comedian, wherein Miss Rehan is in no sense less gifted. With such an equipment, it is not wonderful that the actress carries conviction from first to last. Minor points there are upon which differences of opinion probably exist—

differences that may be legitimately held, yet such as do not affect the artistic whole. You may peep and botanize, like a detail-monger, possessed with a cold and callous pedantry and a fly's respect for divinity; you may feel this gesture superfluous, or find in that tone a false emphasis, yet withal the impression of magnetic and victorious charm remains and is overwhelming. The chiefest of contentious points concerns the first scene. This has ever been considered a crucial scene for the actress who plays Rosalind. Through its rendering is determined the whole temper and tissue of the masquerading Rosalind in the Forest of Arden. Yet have we known this scene to be grievously misread by critics to the undeserved suffering of more than one Rosalind. Rosalind is a lady of gentle nurture, and a princess to boot. It may be cited, as against her noble and kind nature—using the latter adjective in its Shakspearian sense—that it is she, not Celia, who expresses apprehension of danger when the venturesome voyage to the Forest is suggested. We find nothing in this sentiment incompatible with the frankly Elizabethan style of Miss Rehan's acting towards the close of the wrestling. That Rosalind foresees the chance of peril in their enterprise is no proof whatever of timidity. It is the perfectly natural expression of the knowledge gained by the experience of ill fortune, of which her companion is ignorant. In this first scene Miss Rehan plays, and rightly, as if she, not less than the shepherdess Phoebe, realized the might of Marlowe's verse, "None ever loved, but at first sight he loved." And while Miss Rehan suggests a genuine tone of passion in the first utterance of Rosalind to Orlando after the wrestling, she shows a perception not less just and keen in her subsequent blending of coyness and archness. The situation is, indeed, admirably realized. Nothing could be more delicate than this revelation of love at first sight. Of course, if it were possible to accept the soulless criticism that Rosalind is a well-bred lady, and should comport herself as the average well-bred lady of other times, a foolish condemnation of Miss Rehan's acting is ready to hand. But it is always well to remember the contiguity of the Forest of Arden to the Court of Duke Frederick. He shall not stray in the way who is thus mindful, and ho that does err may be likened to the mushroom that springs up under the oaks of Arden, as Landon has it, though in another sense.

In the Forest scenes Miss Rehan plays the part of the "more than common tall" Rosalind, in doublet and hose, with infinite grace and womanliness. The exuberant vivacity in the scenes between Rosalind and Orlando, the playful and pretty mock wooing that is so serious to the lady, is in part simulated, as in the assumption of swagger when Rosalind first approaches Orlando to play the knave under the habit of a saucy lackey. That the gaiety of Rosalind is here assumed is very happily suggested by Miss Rehan. Now and again, perhaps, a too sportive turn, not so much in voice or gesture as in a restlessness of action, is given to Rosalind's playing of the lively part of Ganymede. For example, Miss Rehan's by-play in the scene where Orlando and Jaques hold a brief encounter of wits might by some be construed as discordant with the situation. Hidden among the trees, Rosalind claps her hands vivaciously, though softly, on hearing Orlando's sentiments, and signifies her contempt for Jaques by some not less eloquent action. This, we confess, appears to be matter neither for praise nor blame. It is nothing more than an illustration of that confidential style, that taking of the audience behind the scenes in the interest of the drama, which Lamb commends in the comedian. There is no need to follow Miss Rehan's brilliant acting, step by step, through the Forest of Arden; to note the piquancy of her style in the "wooring" scenes, or her admirable bearing in the scene where the penitent Oliver tells his strange story of a lioness and a snake, or the exquisite art of her "counterfeiting," with its delicate pathos—these are but parts of one surpassing and enchanting whole.

Mr. John Drew's Orlando is, on the whole, an excellent performance. In the wrestling scene his acting is more than satisfactory; is, in fact, exceedingly fine. Admirable, also, is the change of voice and demeanour when Orlando rushes upon the banished Duke and his party, forsakes his assumed anger, and urges the pathetic appeal, "If ever you have looked on better days," &c. The Jaques of Mr. George Clarke is a sound and well-considered reading, save in the delivery of the "Seven Ages" speech. This is a soliloquy, and should be given with a certain show of absorbed reflection. Mr. Clarke delivers it seated among his comrades, as if before an audience, with much illustrative gesture, like a reciter's accompaniment. In a word, he declaims, whereas he should soliloquize. Mr. James Lewis's Touchstone, apart from a certain hurried enunciation at times, is altogether delightful. The clear treble of age is not successfully simulated by Mr. Charles Fisher as Adam. The part is well played, yet does it lose much in effect by reason of the actor's muffled style of delivery. As Amiens, Mr. Macauley plays the courtier to perfection, and sings better than any Amiens we have ever heard. The Celia of Miss Adelaide Prince is a capable and attractive rendering. Capacity, indeed, is shown by Mr. Daly's company in all the minor parts. The play is mounted with excellent taste; and stage illusion is sustained throughout the woodland scenes with marked success. "But heavenly Rosalind!"

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON HORSE-BREEDING.

THE Royal Commission on Horse-Breeding has issued a Report, as well as a Blue Book containing the minutes of evidence taken before it. The latter is full of interesting matter for the large number of people who wish to see an improvement in our half-bred horses. The evidence given before the Royal Commission has been ably summarized by Lord Ribblesdale in the current number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, and it has been sensibly criticized in a leading article in the *Field*. Our only fear is lest people should be satisfied with these reviews alone. That many will go to the expense of buying for themselves the Blue Book containing the evidence we more than doubt; that many will read it we think still less likely. Yet the object of a Royal Commission is to obtain all available information by examining the best experts on the subject under its inquiry; therefore the evidence in question ought to form a valuable treatise on matters connected with horse-breeding, and it is within reach of most people, as it only costs a shilling and three halfpence. We are quite aware that everybody is morally certain that he knows more about horses than anybody else; at the same time we venture to suggest that even he—that is, everybody—might condescend to read what poor ignorant people like the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Combermere, Lord Portsmouth, Lord Harrington, Matthew Dawson and J. Porter, the trainers, and Sir H. Simpson and Dr. Fleming, the veterinary surgeons, have to say on the question, if it were only with the object of refuting their crotchets and errors.

In a recent article on a French Haras, Lord Cathcart said that the French horse-breeder leans too much upon his Government; and he added, "the successful Englishman, on the other hand, is skilful, and full of self-reliance, and—say I—long may he continue so!—a lion in his cause." Again, Lord Salisbury's sound and amusing warning to the members of the Royal Academy, at their last annual dinner, against allowing themselves to be patronized, assisted, or meddled with by Government might, in principle, be almost as applicable to horse-breeders; but there is much that could be put forward from the opposite point of view, and there was a pretty general consensus of opinion among the witnesses before the Royal Commission that the Queen's Premiums are to use a rather parsonic phrase, doing excellent work. The main question appears to us to be whether the system of State encouragement to horse-breeding ought to be still further developed. Is Lord Cathcart's self-reliant English breeder to be trusted to attend to his own interests, or does he require State direction and State encouragement? Are our stallions to be subjected to competitive examinations, like our boys? and are there equine Girtons and Newnhamns looming in the near future for our mares? If these things are necessary, is it because more foreign purchasers come to this country than formerly? or is it because we Englishmen find greater difficulty in supplying ourselves with good hacks, hunters, coachers, and those unknown quantities—"general-utility horses"? A good deal of information will be found on these matters in the 4,014 questions and answers given in the Blue Book. We are not going to quote from them, sore as is the temptation to do so; for we are hoping against hope that horsemen, horse-breeders, and horse-talkers may read them for themselves, and then they will feel thankful that they are not as other men, or even as that poor Major who admitted before the Commission that he preferred his own unsound stallion to the premium horse in his neighbourhood, and kept ten brood mares, of which he felt assured that only two were sound.

With regard to the Report, which is published separately from the Blue Book, we will only say that it recommends the Government to raise the present annual grant of 5,100*l.* (3,360*l.* from the Queen's Privy Purse and 1,740*l.* voted by Parliament) to 10,000*l.*

THE ARGENTINE CRISIS.

THE crisis in the Argentine Republic is being aggravated by popular discontent, and by disaffection in the army. Several officers of the Buenos Ayres garrison have been arrested on charge of conspiracy to depose the President, and drive him from the country, and fresh troops have been brought to the city to overawe those already there; yet there is so much apprehension that the Vice-President and General Roca, an ex-President, have warned President Celman that disaster is imminent unless there is a prompt change of policy. Even if the troops brought into Buenos Ayres prove loyal, and succeed in preventing a mutiny, there is danger of a popular uprising. The premium on gold has risen once more to 215 per cent.; that is to say, 100 gold dollars are now worth 315 paper dollars. Or, to put the matter somewhat differently, one gold dollar is worth pretty nearly 3*½* paper dollars. With such an extraordinary depreciation of the paper money, there has naturally been an exorbitant rise in all prices. And, as always happens in such cases, wages have not risen in the same proportion as prices. Consequently, the working classes generally are suffering from the extravagantly high prices. The premium on gold fluctuates so wildly that to protect themselves the shopkeepers have raised prices even more than paper has depreciated. Amongst the working classes the Italians are very numerous. For many years past there has been a very large

July 26, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

107

Italian immigration, and most of the male immigrants are believed to have passed through the Italian army. These men suffer not only from the high prices, but also whenever they have occasion to remit money to Europe. They then find that their earnings are not quite one-third of what they supposed them to be; and, as they are entirely ignorant of matters of exchange, they come to the conclusion that somehow they are being swindled. The danger, then, of the Government being upset either by a mutiny or a popular uprising is very real; and, unfortunately, the Government can look for support to no influential class in the country. President Celman, his Ministers, and principal supporters are believed very generally, whether rightly or wrongly, to have been guided in their political action by the most sordid motives, and to have enriched themselves, while bringing their country to the brink of disaster. There is much, unquestionably, in the President's conduct which gives colour to the accusations so frequently made against him, and which, therefore, have estranged from him the better portion of the population. He may have been misled by false economical theories in recklessly giving guarantees to railway and other Companies, in multiplying banks of issue all over the country, and in authorizing the issue of Cedulas for exorbitant mortgage transactions. But, when the consequences of his mistakes were made clear, he still refused to change his policy, and continued to surround himself with the men who had made his Administration one of the most calamitous the Argentine Republic has ever known.

The sufferings of the Republic are to be traced to four main causes—excessive borrowing in Europe by the National, the Provincial, and the Municipal Governments, an excessive convertible paper currency, a still more excessive issue of Cedulas, or Mortgage Bonds, which stimulated a wild speculation in houses and lands, and a reckless giving of guarantees to railway and other industrial Companies. The remedies to be applied are plain enough; the adoption of a policy of the strictest economy, the gradual contraction of the paper currency, and the immediate stoppage of all further Cedula issues. But the President shut his eyes to the plainest facts, and obstinately continued his insane policy until the dread of disturbances in the streets suddenly compelled him to stop. Then he changed his Ministry, and applied for a loan to the great London houses interested in Argentine finance. The new Finance Minister adopted a policy agreeable to the great houses, and a loan was very nearly arranged, when suddenly the new Finance Minister had to resign. One of the conditions of the loan was that the Board of Directors of the National Bank should be completely changed, and it was understood that the President had accepted the condition. But when the new Finance Minister brought it forward in the Cabinet, and it was accepted by all his colleagues, the President refused his assent. The Finance Minister immediately resigned, and the President resumed his old policy. He had evidently persuaded himself that the danger of a revolutionary movement was passed, and that he was bound to stand by the men who had previously supported his Administration. Whether, as his enemies assert, he was too deeply committed to them to be free to break with them, we have no means of judging. At all events, the Board of the National Bank was not changed, and the loan was not made. Still, the financial houses were so anxious to enable the Argentine Republic to get through its difficulties without a collapse that they would even then have made the loan if the latter would have accepted certain other conditions demanded by them. One of these was that they should leave a large part of the money to be advanced in London to meet the European engagements of the Government. And another was that President Celman should at once begin to contract the excessive paper currency. Again, however, after apparently accepting the terms, he refused his assent; and for the second time the negotiations failed. The failure of the negotiations, together with the suspension of interim dividend payments by the National Bank, created a panic in Buenos Ayres, caused a run upon several banks, and sent the premium on gold once more over 200 per cent. The political consequences we have already seen, and apparently the President is once more becoming alarmed. For the third time negotiations have been opened for a loan. It is scarcely credible, however, that as matters stand now some of the very greatest houses in London will agree to advance money to an Administration which has lost all confidence at home, which has brought its affairs to such a desperate pass, and whose promises have been so frequently broken. It is, of course, evident that a public loan could not succeed either in London or upon the Continent, and, therefore, whatever money may be advanced will have to come directly from the great houses themselves, and it is difficult to believe that they will advance millions without adequate security and without reasonable prospect that it will benefit the Argentine Republic. All the money which the present Government has obtained has been squandered away without any advantage to the country that can be seen, while it has helped to generate a speculation which has aggravated all the other mistakes committed. It would seem to be a much wiser plan to allow the inevitable crash to come. A Government which is so utterly discredited at home and abroad can hardly be propped up, and a course of mistakes so grave and so long continued must have its penalties.

There is a feeling in some quarters that a revolution would improve the situation. The present Administration, it is said, is so utterly bad that any change is to be welcomed, and a revolution would effect the change quickly, and probably would bring about

a speedy improvement. That, however, we believe to be a gross mistake. The good credit which the Argentine Republic has enjoyed is due to the fact that the era of revolutions had come to an end. If there is a fresh revolution it will be long, indeed, before confidence revives. The investing public will begin to fear that, if financial difficulty provokes either a mutiny in the army or a popular uprising, then they can never count upon orderly government for a long time to come. Besides what guarantee is there that a revolutionary Government would be wiser than that of President Celman? It is hardly likely that the best men in the Republic would encourage a recourse to violence, and if not the best men would not be called upon if the revolution succeeded. What is really desirable is that President Celman should be induced quietly to resign. Whether he is or is not guilty of the charges brought against him, he has so completely lost confidence at home and abroad, that it would be impossible for him successfully to initiate the kind of policy that is required. The world would not believe his most solemn assurances, and even if he were really to adopt a better policy, the world would suspect that he did so under duress and would change it on the first favourable opportunity. Besides the Vice-President would immediately succeed if he were voluntarily to resign. And the Vice-President is a man of high character, and it is said also of much ability. At home and abroad his accession to power would be welcomed, and what he would promise would be readily believed. A new man would start with immense advantages, and if the new man, like the Vice-President, also had the confidence of his own countrymen, and of the great European financial houses, he would receive the help that he might require. But, even if President Celman could be induced to resign, and his successor were to adopt the very wisest policy, it is clear now that there must be a liquidation of the bad business that has been accumulated in the Argentine Republic for years past, and therefore that there must be a further fall in Argentine securities, and that there must be a default in the interest upon several classes of those securities. In short, the country altogether has entered into engagements far beyond its power to fulfil, and the time is coming when it must openly declare before the world that the fact is so. The Republic itself, no doubt, will be able to keep faith with its creditors, and so will some of the provinces; but it is difficult to see how all the provinces and all the municipalities can pay what they have undertaken to pay, and especially it is difficult to see how the owners of houses and lands can pay the enormous sums which, as interest and sinking fund, they are under contract to pay. If order is maintained, the country will in the long run emerge from its difficulties. It has vast resources, and after a period of depression and recuperation will once more become prosperous. But if there is a revolution, undoubtedly the period of depression will be protracted, and the credit of the Republic in Europe will suffer for many years to come.

A GOLD MINE.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS has made his name known on both sides of the Atlantic as a writer for and about the stage, his criticisms on the subject having extended to France; for his "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century" (though it should be written up to date, we may incidentally observe) is a singularly appreciative estimate of several past and a few contemporary French dramatic authors. This being so, we may confess to having anticipated better work from Mr. Brander Matthews than we find in *A Gold Mine*; the comedy which he has written in conjunction with a Mr. Jessop, of whose achievements we must admit ignorance. Mr. Matthews and his colleague have emphasized a broad idea that is always in its way effective. They have perceived that a man who commits a nobly generous action in an unselfish spirit, and endeavours to hide his generosity, especially from the woman for whose sake it is done, must win sympathy and esteem; and on this notion they have built up a play. This is good, so far as it goes. Perhaps the hero of the *Gold Mine* is Quixotic; it will always be that what one man regards as generosity another will consider Quixotism, and we should be well inclined to take a liberal estimate of this; for a man who is in love will commit what appear to lookers-on who are not in love the most preposterous self-sacrifices. It is a main item of the cynic's stock-in-trade to laugh at and deride the sentiment; but it exists, and it is very remarkable to what an extent audiences respond to it, in saying which we are supporting Mr. Brander Matthews and his partner; for their hero, Mr. Silas K. Wolcott, having nothing in the world belonging to him except his gold mine, and knowing it to be well worth 20,000*l.*, sells it for half the money in order that he may discharge a gambling debt incurred by the favourite-nephew of the object of his affections. In doing this he fails to exhibit the shrewdness which has previously seemed to be his chief characteristic; to which criticism Mr. Brander Matthews, a keen controversialist, would probably reply, "So much more deep and ardent, therefore, should his love appear." We cannot, however, get over the idea that Wolcott manages his business badly, in fact, he is mainly actuated by what may be called theatrical motives. We like resource in our heroes, and Wolcott has to be made to act inconsistently in order to meet the convenience of the dramatists.

There are weak points, therefore, about the leading personage of *A Gold Mine*, and there are weaker still about the characters of some of his companions. The plot sadly wants knitting together, the people of the play are colourless in themselves and have little coherence, the value of which latter is very great. The capitalist, who endeavours to trick Wolcott out of his gold mine—or at least preys on his necessities—is Sir Everard Foxwood, to help whose son it is that Wolcott wants the money; for George Foxwood, lad as he is, has speculated and lost 10,000*l.* There is a reason for George Foxwood's dramatic existence; but he has a sister Una, and she has a lover, Gerald Riordan, for whom interest is sought, notwithstanding that he bears the brand of being a Home Rule M.P., and these two have next to no connexion with the story; while Mrs. Vandervas, a retired actress, celebrated amongst her friends—whether jocularly or seriously we do not quite make out—as "the only Juliet," has absolutely no connexion at all with the story. In a well-constructed play it is a rule that every character should contribute his or her quota to the furtherance of the main interest, and this rule is broken in *A Gold Mine*. The truth is, that the one incident on which the play is founded is not sufficient to meet the requirements of three acts, and does not demand the supply of characters without which a play of these dimensions can scarcely be compiled. We are inclined to suspect that the *raison-d'être* of *A Gold Mine* was to furnish a part for the comedian, Mr. Nat Goodwin, who has come to see what favour he may meet from English audiences, and that the points which are supposed to be his strongest ones have been the main objects of the dramatist's care. Curiously opposite opinions have been expressed by the critics with regard to Mr. Goodwin's acting. He has been commended for the quietude with which he makes his lines tell, and he has been blamed for the exaggerated emphasis with which he drives them home; his pathos has been described as genuine and unforced, and also as false and extravagant. Of these two sets of opinions we lean to the former. Mr. Goodwin, it seems to us, makes some very effete repartees and a few apter observations tell by his effortless method of utterance; and, though his manner does not strike us as winning, we must admit the existence of an earnestness and sincerity which make Wolcott something more than a dummy who is seen and forgotten. If at times Mr. Goodwin strays into over-emphasis, the occasions are rare. We do not regard him as a finished comedian. He must rank, for instance, immeasurably below so true an artist as Mr. Hare, to pick an English actor by way of illustration, if the task be not too invidious; but we think that his performance is worth seeing. Except for Mr. William Farren, whose long experience serves him well as Sir Everard Foxwood, the play is poorly cast. Mr. Glenny, as Riordan, the Irish Home Rule member, need not necessarily be a gentleman; but since he is represented as a person received in decent society, he should scarcely kiss the girl to whom he is engaged before the occupants of her father's drawing-room.

FOUND SHOT.

THREE days they sat; and in conclusion, being good and lawful men of the city, garrison, and territory of Gibraltar, the jurors found "That the said Charles Dunford was lying dead. That the cause of his death was, that at twenty minutes past nine of the clock of the said twelfth day of July, he, the said Charles Dunford, being on the neutral territory, and about thirty yards distant from the British line of sentries at the North Front, and being then on duty as one of the patrol, was killed by a bullet fired out of a carbine by a certain Spanish mounted carabinero, whose name is unknown to the said jury; and that the said carabinero, at the time he fired the said bullet out of the said carbine, was on the neutral territory, at a distance of about forty yards from the said British line of sentries; and do further say that he, the said Charles Dunford, was so shot as aforesaid out of the jurisdiction of the said Coroner; and do further say that he, the said Charles Dunford, at the time of his death was a male person of twenty-four years of age, a private in the King's Royal Rifles, and a native of London."

Furthermore, the said jury proceed to praise "the cool and wise behaviour" of the captain and the sergeant of the guard to which the patrol belonged, and their forbearance in "avoiding, as they hereby did, further probable loss of life and international complication in this most regrettable affair."

And so all were pleased, and went home to their dinners; and Private Charles Dunford (a male person at the time of his death) was buried with military honours in the North Front Cemetery.

The chapter is more complete than usual, the *dénouement* sufficiently sensational, and the moral—the moral may be deduced according to taste. A soldier shot is no new thing. The pity of it only becomes apparent with the reflection that this man fell by the hands of those whom it was his duty (indirectly) to assist in theirs, and that he was in the execution of that duty at the time.

The occasion, indeed, has less of novelty, except in its fatal result, than might be supposed. Trade and smuggling—*montis insignia Calpe*—have long been terms interchangeable; but, whereas

the tobacco-runner is only a "loiterer to be arrested" in our own lines, he emerges a smuggler fully fledged upon reaching the Spanish lines. His metamorphosis, then, must take place somewhere between the British and the Spanish sentries; in other words, upon the neutral ground; and the question at once arises, at what point thereon? How far is the neutrality of this ground to be his protection and ours? Interpreted by the Spaniards, apparently at no point at all; since the evidence in the present case goes to show that their mounted patrol, having scoured the ground to within forty yards of the British lines, without hesitation, and with, or without, mistake, fired and killed, not the smuggler, but the soldier—a most "regrettable affair."

Matters having thus gone so far, and being obviously liable to recurrence, there is, in justice to ourselves and in deference to our neighbours, only now one fair question to ask them. Do they, or do they not (as some say), wish an end put to a nefarious traffic?

If they do not, in their own lines, and not an inch beyond them, should they play the sham patrol; if they do, as we would willingly believe, it will not be necessary for us, in this case, to go half way to meet them. In little more time than it would take to give the order, a ten-foot palisade would rise along our own front, closing the ground from sea to sea, east and west; and, should a similar arrangement commend itself to our very good friends, and should their own lines be likewise protected, as we do here suggest, it is not too much to say that the present open and neutral ground would be converted into an immediate trap for any such rats as might still care to land their cargoes upon its shores; while, as to setting foot thereon from any other direction (say from our own North Front), the thing would be impossible—to smugglers.

THE LYCEUM MATINÉE.

THE special charity matinée, given at the Lyceum Theatre, on Wednesday, in aid of Mrs. Jeune's Holiday Fund, was full of interest and variety. The third and fourth acts of *As You Like It* were selected as the chief attraction. Miss Genevieve Ward gave a powerful representation of Queen Constance's outburst of passionate grief in the last scene of *King John*. Madame Antoinette Sterling sang to perfection "The Better Land," and Miss Belle Botsford, a lady from the United States, played with unusual charm and deftness on the violin. Miss Ada Rehbe delivered with great feeling a delightful and touching occasional address by Mr. Thomas Hardy, which could not fail to impress the audience with the excellent object of Mrs. Jeune's charity. *A Woman's Wont*, a lively little farce, turning on the obstinacy of husbands and wives, which is likely to cause both fun and discord on the family hearth, was acted with a keen sense of its absurdity by Mr. James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. George Clark, Miss Isabel Irving, Mr. F. Bond, and Miss Kitty Cheatham.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE money market has been quieter this week. The rate of discount in the open market is still quoted at 4 per cent. but business has been done somewhat under, and the outside market has been able to repay to the Bank over two millions previously borrowed. During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank of England received from abroad 415,000*l.* in gold, and it is hoped that a large amount more will be received from New York. On the other hand, there are withdrawals going on in Portugal, the Bank of that country needing to strengthen its reserve. And in the open market there have been purchases of bar gold for the Bank of Spain. It is curious that since the 1st of May over a million sterling in gold has been sent from London to Lisbon, while over 900,000*l.* has been received in London from Lisbon. As already said, the Bank of Portugal finds it necessary to strengthen its reserve at whatever cost; but Portugal is indebted to this country, and has to settle its debt in gold. It seems strange that the Bank of Portugal does not make some sort of arrangement to evade the expense of gold coming to London, and going back to Lisbon; but it does not see fit to do so.

There was at the beginning of this week a good demand for silver for India, as Indian bank managers were under the impression that the price must rise further when the American purchases begin. Contrary to expectation, however, New York operators have begun to sell, and the price has fallen from 50*d.* per ounce to 49*1/2d.* Apparently the American speculators had committed themselves beyond their means, or it may be that they are playing upon the market either to prepare for fresh operations or to puzzle European holders. And it is to be recollect that the Act does not come into force until the middle of next month. Perhaps they fear that too rapid a rise would induce large sales by European Governments. It is said, indeed, that the Imperial Bank of Russia is already selling on a very considerable scale, and that the Russian Finance Minister has decided to part with the silver held by the Bank, and substitute gold for it. It is also said that some of the smaller Governments will sell, if the price advances much further. In the meantime banking opinion in the United States appears to be more favourable to the new Act than to the

July 26, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

109

two Bills passed previously by the House of Representatives and the Senate—firstly, because the Bill leaves it to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury to go on coining silver or not after the 1st of July of next year; secondly, because it provides that no greater or less amount of silver notes shall be outstanding at any time than the cost of the silver bullion and the silver dollars coined therefrom; and, thirdly, because the Act expressly states that it is the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law.

The stock markets have been utterly stagnant this week. Usually a crisis such as the Argentine Republic is passing through induces speculative selling upon a great scale, but there is very little such selling going on just now. The reason, no doubt, is that the securities brought out here during the past few years are very largely held by trust Companies, syndicates, and powerful financial houses, and the speculators fear that if they were to sell largely they might be cornered. Besides, overtures have again been made by the Argentine Government for reopening the loan negotiations; and, lastly, there is an extraordinary belief in the Stock Exchange that a revolution would improve matters. The corrupt and incapable men who have made such a mess of matters would be swept away, it is argued, and better men would take their place. If a revolution occurs, experience will soon teach a different lesson. In the meantime the belief exists; but the principal reason why speculators refrain from operating as they usually do is their fear of the great financial houses. Since the Bank of France last year was able to stop the copper corner panic, it is argued that a combination of great bankers can do anything.

The railway dividends as yet declared are fairly satisfactory. Five—the South-Western, the South-Eastern, the Great Eastern, the Chatham and Dover, and the District—are better than at this time last year. Three—the London and Brighton, the Metropolitan, and the London and Tilbury—are at the same rate as at this time last year; and two—the Lancashire and Yorkshire and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire—are at lower rates than at this time last year. The Great Eastern, while it pays 2 per cent. now against 1½ per cent. twelve months ago, carries forward to the new half-year nearly twice as much as twelve months ago; and the Brighton, though it pays only the same dividend, carries forward more than three times as much. Yet the railway market generally has shared in the general dullness, and prices gave way on the publication of the decisions of the Board of Trade respecting maximum rates and charges and classification of merchandise traffic applicable to the London and North-Western and the Great Western Companies. The decisions, speaking generally, are in favour of traders and against the Companies, and naturally, therefore, had a depressing effect upon the market. But, quite apart from the question of rates and classification, the market is suffering, like all other departments of the Stock Exchange, from the uncertainty respecting the money market, and the apprehensions regarding the Argentine crisis. At the same time it is not to be forgotten that the working expenses have increased greatly this year, and are likely to increase still further, because of the much higher prices and higher wages the Companies have now to pay. For example, the Brighton Company received in the last six months over £2,000,000. more than in the corresponding period of last year, but the working expenses at the same time increased over £1,000,000. The gross receipts of the South-Eastern increased over £1,000,000., but the working expenses increased over £1,000,000. And in the case of the Sheffield, while the increase in gross receipts was only £1,000,000., the increase in working expenses was considerably more than £1,000,000. While trade continues to improve railway Companies, speaking generally, will be able to keep up their dividends, and in some instances to augment them; but any check to trade will make it difficult for the Companies to maintain their dividends, for the working expenses will not decrease as rapidly as the receipts. The prospect being such, the money market being difficult, and apprehensions existing respecting the Argentine crisis, while a reduction of rates is threatened in the near future, a decline in prices would seem more likely than an advance, were it not that, if a holder of railway stocks were to sell, he would find it extremely difficult to invest his money to better advantage elsewhere, while the intending investor would also be greatly puzzled to get a higher return. Now that the dividends are being paid there will be large sums to reinvest; and, assuming that no accident happens, it is hardly likely, therefore, that there can be much fall in railway stocks.

LINKS—AND MISSING.

O H! well with thee, my brother,
Who hast not known the game
When early gleams of gladness
Aye set in after sadness;
And still the end is other,
Far other, than the aim.
Oh! well with thee, my brother,
Who hast not known the game.

I know the driver's uses,
And the bright cleek, slack!
I know who, having smitten,
Read my dishonour written
On sinless soles in bruises,
And blameless balls in black.
I know the driver's uses
And the bright cleek, slack!
And I have raised the brassy
"The Brazen Serpent, high :"
Down swept the head in thunder;
Still stood the sphere in wonder;
If Dogberry were an ass, he
Was no such ass as I—
I, who have raised the brassy
"The Brazen Serpent high."
And I have mashed with mashies,
And spooned with many a spoon.
Oh! not in haunts of fashion
Dwells such delirious passion
As desecrates with d—s
The joyous days of June,
When young men mash with mashies,
And spoon with many a spoon.
But did I to the iron
These freeborn hands submit?
And have I crouched and panted
For safety seldom granted?
A malediction dire on
The knave who fashioned it
If henceforth to the iron
These freeborn hands submit.
And have I plied the niblick
Beyond all clubs beside?
If brief bad words men mutter
In public o'er the putter,
Not in known language Biblical
Are they content to chide,
Who, lonely, ply the niblick
Beyond all clubs beside.
The iron, cleek, and driver,
The brassy and the ball,
Among their fragments shivered,
From all their spells delivered,
Behold me their survivor,
I have destroyed them all,
The iron, cleek, and driver,
The brassy and the ball.
Enough, enough of sorrow!
I cast the burden off.
Burst are the bonds which bind me;—
Left are the links behind me;—
Ah! . . . But I know to-morrow
Will see me playing golf.
'Twere sadder than all sorrow
To cast that burden off.
Life hath not lost its savour,
As the sour cynic saith:
If once a summer only
A great shot, long and lonely,
Brings faintly back the flavour
Of half-forgotten faith;
Life hath not lost its savour,
As the sour cynic saith.
And the sweet arts of story
Work wonders on the game.
Described not indiscreetly,
Deeds foully done seem fealty;
And evening lifts to glory
What morn mistook for shame,
Ere the sweet arts of story
Worked wonders on the game.
Then whatso your advice is,
Ye golfers of degree,
Awhile ye must endure me,
Although ye cannot cure me
Of tops and scaffles and slices
And balls that search the sea,
Whatever your advice is,
Ye golfers of degree.
Who list may grasp at greatness,
Who list may woo and wife;
Wealth, wisdom, power, position—
These make not my ambition.
Nay, but I pray for straightness,
And do desire to drive.
Who list may grasp at greatness,
Who list may woo and wife.

[July 26, 1890.]

REVIEWS.

OWEN MEREDITH.*

THREE are few more interesting, though there might be many more difficult, inquiries open to the critic than the question why the poems of Owen Meredith—either those which were published under that name or those which Lord Lytton has subsequently fathered directly—are not more popular than they are, both with readers and with critics themselves. We have said that we do not think the answer very difficult. Lord Lytton has, in the first place, written a great deal of verse, and he has not been by any means very uniformly successful in it. He is too clever for the public; he is not careful enough for the critics. Let us take, for instance, the best verse of one of the best poems of its kind written in our time—that is to say, "Fata Morgana":—

If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,
Brows, and breast, and lips, and language of sweet strains,
I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,
And that portion of myself which she retains.

This is a most charming stanza; it has, like the rest of the poem, a liquid lapse of metre, to which we know few parallels except that (which is not identical) of Emily Brontë's most famous lines. Its truth to nature is exact; its phrasing admirable. To read it—for any one who knows poetry—is to remember it for the rest of one's days, and yet the blemish of it is absurdly evident. "Kisses" does not rhyme to "tresses." We can imagine an English critic of the Bossut stamp going on his knees to Lord Lytton, and saying "O your lordship! if your lordship would only please to let me alter your lordship's third line to

I shall know her by the trace of dead caresses."

But no. Neither Owen Meredith, nor Lord Lytton, nor the Earl of Lytton has taken the trouble to do this in all the years since the poem was written. Further, that poem rhymes "experience" to "variance," and (as though the very soul of Elizabeth Barrett Browning had entered the body of Robert Lytton) "ungathered" to "withered," and, moreover, "torment" to "dormant"—which things ought not to be named among Christians. Probably, moreover, the desperate hook of such a critic would lop off the two last stanzas altogether, and carve and patch and piece elsewhere. Notwithstanding which fact, the other fact remains, that you may read "Fata Morgana" in the year 1865 and remember every word of it in the year 1890; while Heaven only knows how many watery verses have gone past the brain-mill during that quarter of a century and have, beneficially enough, left no trace behind them.

To resume. Lord Lytton has always had a generous habit of admiring and following the greatest masters of his day. And this to the not quite ignorant general reader, and still more to the common or dunghill criticaster, is anathema. "Go to, now! have I not read something that sounds like this in Mr. Browning or in Lord Tennyson?" say they; and then they call Lord Lytton a plagiarist. Yet we do not generally call Luini a plagiarist because it is sometimes almost impossible to tell his work from Leonardo's. There is something rather fascinating in the complete nonchalance with which Lord Lytton has set these two classes at naught. One of his very best recent poems, "Transformations," is apparently constructed with a kind of malice prepense, so as to make them say, "'You and I together?' 'What shall we be?'—why, this is an audacious steal from 'In a Gondola'!" So it is, in one sense; not so in the least in another. Lord Lytton, we believe, has never reprinted, and Miss Betham Edwards has not laid under contribution, the astonishing Tennysonian *pastiche* which he wrote with Mr. Fane under the title of *Tannhäuser*. But we remember very well that when it appeared a delighted critic of the class above referred to discovered that there were trumpets that blared in *The Princess* and trumpets that blared in *Tannhäuser*, and, therefore, you see, there could be no doubt of the plagiarism. This kind of critic never could get on with Owen Meredith, because, being a very literary person in one way, he has with audacious carelessness or laziness, or whatever it be preferred to call it, never cared to smooth over his literary reminiscences.

Lastly, there is no doubt that he (with the Earl of Lytton) has written a great deal, and that, as in the case of most fecund writers who are not also great blotters, his work does not invariably carry the same weight with it. Miss Betham Edwards wonders why *Glenaveril* was less popular than *Lucile*, but she seems herself to see the very simple answer—that it was a great deal longer. There might be the further question, though here we should have not only Lord Lytton, but Mr. Alfred Austin and divers other bards to call quarrel with, whether verse narrative on the great scale is not, for the present at any rate, a *vieux jeu*, which has not become young again. But in this, as well as in the former objections, we may see quite enough to account for the fact that a poet who at his best has not had half a dozen superiors or even equals during his thirty years or so of composition, and has not now more than two or three, has seen himself left alone by the public in favour of the Toppers and the Lewis Morrises. We may see still more to account for the fact that he has been at best patronized by the critics who have been busily finding "new poets" in Johnson, Thompson, and Robinson during the

entire course of the generation which has passed, according to the ordinary measurement, since *Clytemnestra* appeared.

Let us, therefore, congratulate poet, publisher, selector, and public on the appearance of this very welcome little volume, which contains a most unusual proportion of exceptionally charming verse. There is the "Fata Morgana" aforesaid—a beauty of the first class. There is that admirable "Last Wish," in the seventeenth-century manner:—

Since all that I can ever do for thee
Is to do nothing, this my prayer must be—
That thou mayest never know, nor ever see,
The all-endured, this nothing-done costs me.

Immediately succeeds the exquisite "Love Letter"; here, too, is that "Message," of the opening lines of which there is no English poet, past or present, who need have been ashamed:—

Because she hath the sweetest eyes,
The bluest, truest, and more wise
Than woodland violets, wild in wood.

Here is the "Remonstrance," and that "Buried Heart" which we rank with "Fata Morgana" as Lord Lytton's best work; here the ingenious "Midges," and "Genserics," soundest of historical morallings; and many excellent fables; and, last (not least) and latest, the excellent "Transformations," already noted, wherein

"Swiftly star succeeds to star,
Till . . . in what new world we are?"
"Love's," said He.

And, to tell the truth, we are generally in that new world with Owen Meredith when he is at his best. Now, there arises from time to time a set of barren rascals in the critic kind—they are rather rife just now—who tell us that love poetry is an inferior and partial kind, that there are a great many other things with which the poet should also, and had better, occupy himself. With these will we never hold. If it is not necessary, nor, indeed, desirable, for the lyre *επόρα μοῦνον ηχαίνει*, it will always take that subject for chief and principal theme, and, when it deals with others, make them as far as possible subsidiary to that.

But chiefly we welcome this book, as we have welcomed its author's productions as they appeared for many long years, because of the remarkable reconciliation which it shows between the appreciating and the producing temperaments. Some of the greatest and most original poets are, we know, apt to be somewhat indocile to each other's magic. Not perhaps the greatest of all—for Dante praises and evidently delighted in poetic persons who were not worthy to tie his shoestring, and though we know nothing of Shakspeare directly, it is pretty certain that he was of the same kidney, with (as Englishman against Italian should have) the advantage of not taking even himself too seriously. But the next rank, the thirty if not the three, are a little trying in this way. Byron, we know, thought that Rogers and Crabbe were better poets than Coleridge and Wordsworth; Wordsworth, generally speaking, thought nobody was a poet but himself. And so on and so on. On the other hand, a very wide appreciation of poetic styles is apt either to lead a man not to write verse at all, or to lead him to be careful and troubled about anything that may be called imitation, even if it may not be called plagiarism. We could only illustrate this at some cost of the feelings of contemporaries, so let it remain a *dictum*. Now Lord Lytton is most agreeably free from these two weaknesses. He has an abundant vein of his own—we suppose the most carping critic will not deny that. He has a wise and apt appreciation and power of imitating—the most carping critic is least of all likely to deny that. Yet he never seems in the least haunted either by jealousy or by fear of what other people will say. If "Thoughts at Sunrise" and "Thoughts at Sunset" had been printed anonymously, the whole tribe of the Browning Society would have sworn their great gods that these pieces were by the author of certain other poems which we do not name, in order that any wicked one may have good game of the Browning Society by asking a member thereof which? A weakling of one sort would have said, "I will not print these lest it be thought I am a mere pupil of Mr. Browning." A weakling of another sort would have said, "I will not print these because Jones and Smith—confound them!—will say that I am a pupil of Mr. Browning." Lord Lytton says, "I meant these, and I have written them; so I will print them." And it is not as if he had done nothing but this. On the contrary, he has done much which cannot be fathomed thus on any one, and which, with whatever petty flaws arising from the same fortunate want of academic self-criticism, is a gain to all lovers of poetry. So let us quote it again in a new sense:—

If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,
Brows, and breast, and lips, and language of sweet strains,
I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,
And that portion of myself which she retains.

Which, being interpreted, means that if there were any doubt as to Lord Lytton's other poetical qualifications, he has this—that his verses in the long years during which they have been published have produced the indelible poetic effect on divers fit readers, and that, in comparison with this, there is nothing else which needs or is worth saying.

* The Canterbury Poets—Selected Poems of Owen Meredith (the Earl of Lytton). By M. Betham Edwards. London: Walter Scott.

July 26, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

111

NOVELS.*

A VILLAGE HAMPDEN, by Mr. Algernon Gissing, is a really beautiful story of English rural life. It is beautiful as a story in which the human interest is strong, but its chief charm lies in the harmony and proportion which rule the whole composition, the tranquil ease with which it is set forth, the calm good sense and good feeling which pervade it from beginning to end. The very spirit of English rusticity has been caught, and in the subtlest way blended into the narration. The deliberation, the slow shrewdness, the plain sense and stolid opposition to change of the agricultural mind, its greed of money, and cunning based, for the most part, on a sort of stupid instinctive honesty, have been profoundly and sympathetically studied by the author. The result is an admirable picture of country life, worth attention for its wise counsels as well as for its beautiful landscapes. Michael Wayfer, who with dauntless breast withstands, not any little tyrant of his fields, but the laws of his country, which he has been drawn into thinking oppressive by irresponsible agitators, is very well drawn, and all the better because his character is left to explain itself, and is developed by his own word and action. At first he shows himself a surly young fellow, ignorant as a clod. Tempted by circumstance he drifts into dishonesty, and led on by bad companionship he is near becoming a sot. The night his homestead is half burned down Michael lies brutally drunk in a ditch. The violence of the crisis drives him out of the fatal groove he had got into, and from thenceforward the native vigour that is in him works a better way, though through terrible mistakes and disaster. Side by side with this harsh nature flows the pure and gentle spirit of Joice, his wife, being simple as a flower, ignorant as a daisy, and as sweet. Mr. Gissing has touched the portraits of Joice and Ruth Sulby, the schoolmistress, with the utmost delicacy and truth to nature. Their influence on Michael, and his slow development under it, form the main interest of the story; but there is plenty of incident, pathetic and humorous, thrown in around them. Mr. Philpin, the lawyer's clerk, with his sentimental worship of the schoolmistress and his poetical relaxations after office hours, is amusing, and Ruth herself is excellent with her Puritanism, her steady unselfishness, and her cold reticence of demeanour. There is a point of sharp insight in the behaviour of Mrs. Riley, Michael's half-sister, who so furiously resents the legacy of two hundred pounds left by her father, old Wayfer, to Ruth, and is ready to proceed any length to prevent her having it; yet finds herself unable to keep the money when Ruth rejects it. She needs the money and longs to keep it, but it is not rightly hers, and an instinctive, irrepressible honesty torments her till the money is out of her hands. This is the sort of unexaggerated estimate of character which makes the value of Mr. Gissing's story. Value it undoubtedly has, not alone in the truthfulness of conception and faithfulness of portraiture, but in the humour, pathos, good sense, and wise judgment with which it is written.

A veritable dragon's tooth has Mrs. Humphry Ward's famous novel proved itself. Armed men fighting and slaying each other for the love of God are no novelties; but it is dismal to observe them pursuing their combats on what ought to be the happy fields of fiction. The novel, it appears, is now the thing wherein to catch the conscience of any one not possessing the proper amount of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, as it may happen to be. The thing has its comic side. The eager theologian, with arguments ready to fly abroad like the candle out of the spring candle-lamp, pausing to pour in the proper quantity of love-making and mixing up his *plat* with incident and adventure, so as to catch the taste of the subscriber to Mudie, is a spectacle at once comic and pathetic. The particular novel now suggesting these remarks, *Paul Nugent, Materialist*, has, indeed, been prepared by two artists—one, a clergyman, to supply the technical branch; the other, Mrs. Helen F. Hetherington (Gullifer), to attend to the emotional business and describe the frocks. The result is not so bad as might have been dreaded. After getting over an unpleasant and quite useless prologue, the story begins pleasantly in the "orthodox village of Elmsfield." The prologue is unpleasant because it introduces the always odious subject of a girl who drinks, and useless because the early experiences in the hero's life which it narrates are inoperative on his character and subsequent conduct. Paul Nugent fell a victim to the pretty face of Perdita Verschoyle, and suffered for it. But he is just as ready to fall a victim to Maude Dashwood's flashing glances the moment he meets them. Maude is a saint, while Perdita was the sorriest kind of sinner; but Paul knew nothing of the nature of either when he "gave his whole heart" to them. Paul is divinely beautiful, and "one of the first scholars of the day." This, indeed, is evident, because he "went up for his Univ. Pub. School Examination, and thus passed 'Smalls' before his 'Matric'; took a decent class in classical 'Mods,' and in his 'finals' got a first in Natural Science."

* *A Village Hampden*. By Algernon Gissing. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

Paul Nugent, Materialist. By Helen F. Hetherington (Gullifer) and the Rev. H. Darwin Burton. 2 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. The *Keeper of the Keys*. By F. W. Robinson. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

A South Sea Lover: a Romance. By Alfred St. Johnston. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Hidden in the Light. By Eugène Stracey. London: Dibby & Long. *In the Sunlight*. By Angelica Selby. 2 vols. London: Frederick Warne & Co. 1890.

But Paul is a materialist, and in the primitive and "orthodox" village of Elmsfield, his beauty, his baronetcy, his scholarship, his fine estate, and his thousands a year count for nothing. *Sancta simplicitas!* Are there many such villages left in England? The pretty Miss Nellie Dashwood is caught in a shower with nothing to protect her pink skirts. Sir Paul approaches with an umbrella. Nellie declines. "He looked at her, his anger rising rapidly. 'I know what you are thinking of,' he began hotly. 'I was thinking of your hat,' she answered quietly, with a gleam of fun under her long lashes." Nellie is pretty, and the little incident is naively and prettily told. Maude, Nellie's cousin, is cast in a sterner mould. She loves Paul and knows it, and she believes utterly in the sincerity of his passion; but when he pleads she answers, "My faith is more to me than life; and I would rather die than marry you." The cynic may smile; but it is the true martyr spirit, and, though martyrs may march to the stake for mistakes, it will be an ill day when they cease to march at all. For the end, which is happy, and for discussions of the Old and New Testaments, *Robert Elsmere*, Strauss, Renan, the Patristic writers, and other theological works of eminence, we refer our readers to the joint composition of the Rev. H. Darwin Burton and Mrs. Helen F. Hetherington (Gullifer).

Mr. F. W. Robinson is nothing if not mysterious. A state of amused perplexity is the condition of mind in which his readers turn page after page of his romances. A conundrum in three volumes sums them up pretty accurately. Mr. Robinson is past-master in the art of speech which says nothing, of language which conveys no meaning, of conversation in which no idea passes from being to being. "Questions and Answers" would do for the title of all his novels if it were not that he generally has a basis of plot round which the characters flutter and flit like moths round a lamp, and which is eventually elaborated with considerable cleverness. *The Keeper of the Keys* is not, perhaps, the best specimen of the author's method, but it is characteristic. It deals with the fortunes of the Vandespur family, people whom the reader finds original until they are thrown into the shade by the still queerer Wickerwills. In and out of the intricacies of the drama, which includes a murder, a theft of twenty bank-notes of £1,000 each, sundry sudden deaths, and an elopement, wanders the figure of Mr. Karl Marney, who may be a perfect saint or an accomplished hypocrite for anything we can tell even after the last page has been perused. Whoso relishes being puzzled, teased with allusive remark and dubious question, drawn on by a wish to find out what it is all about, and amused by a clever, lively, sketchy, extravagant, descriptive manner, should send for *The Keeper of the Keys*.

Mr. Alfred St. Johnston has drawn on his recollections of travel for the materials of his novel, *A South Sea Lover*. Some years ago a very pleasant book appeared by the same writer giving interesting descriptions of the islands of the Pacific and other places which have now slipped from our memory. The Polynesian impressions have remained vividly on the traveller's mind, and they are the *raison d'être* of the present work and its chief interest. A story, however, was needed on which to string the descriptions of these lovely islands "lifting their fronded palms in air," and so Christian North visits Omeo, the home of Soma, the native chief who is Christian's friend, and of Utamō, who becomes his wife. The glasses with which Mr. St. Johnston inspects his savages are of the deepest rose colour, and the glow, being a little artificial, becomes at last monotonous. Style sustained at a rather lower pitch is easier reading. The reader does not tire of the sketches of sea and sky, forest and flowers, which are brilliant and beautiful almost as the originals; but before the end he has had more than enough of the native, godlike giants; their superb physical beauty, their big muscles and brawny chests, and their "joy in their masculinity." The best of their games and gambols are those they indulge in in the sea ("the masculine great sea," the author calls it). The surf-riding sport is exciting. It should be noted that Mr. St. Johnston places the date of his lively story seventy years ago, before rum and missionaries had appeared in the islands. Nature is still as entrancing now as it was then; but we fear the noble savage has deteriorated.

Don Juan in modern fiction seems out of date. He lacks actuality. The hero of *Hidden in the Light*, Mr. Henry Beresford, determined to play the part, and in revenge for desertion by a lady, whose career necessarily involved frequent desertions, to harass the everlasting feminine. He was only nineteen, but he was "extraordinarily beautiful," had "exquisitely chiselled features," "clear blue eyes," with "coal-black lashes," and other qualifications for the slaughter of innocents. No one could have gazed on "Henry Beresford calmly sleeping; the rose silk hangings drooping over his noble head, with its masses of black curly hair; the mellow beams from the silver lamp falling on his perfectly chiselled features, tinging the auburn of the long silky moustache, and shading the cheek with its luxuriant lashes," without immediately falling a victim, although whether the luxuriant lashes belonged to the lamp or the cheek is not clear. Mr. Beresford carried further his pursuit of the Byronic ideal by writing poems which brought him immense wealth (why does the author omit to mention the names of the poet's so liberal publishers?), and of which "one of the most hypercritical essayists of the day," who habitually wrote "scathing sarcasm," thus speaks:—"The passion of Byron, the sweetness of Moore, the mysticism of Shelley, the depth of Browning, the voluptuousness of Swinburne, together with an indescribable fascination

of his own, all combine to render 'Kamā' we had almost said, unrivalled among modern poets." This is an extract from a review, and a little later there is a sermon, with generally a liberal sprinkling of poetic quotation and showers of trivial scraps of French, German, and Spanish. Mr. Beresford's career is neither edifying nor entertaining, and claims no further attention, but it is fair to add that Mr. Eugène Stracey appears to have a power of writing smart rather than witty, and ingenuity of invention, which may with leniency be called clever.

In the Sunlight is a novel of the vivacious order in which a large number of young persons of both sexes are grouped in a locality favourable for purposes of flirtation, and occupy themselves unceasingly in that agreeable pastime. There are Gwan and Sybil, and Ivy and Nora, charming maidens; and Mrs. Cleveland, the frisky American matron, and Miss Templeton, the disappointed spinster. Then there are Fane and Billy, and Mr. De Trafford, who says "wather" and "pwetty," and the Rev. Dalmatic Cumin, the curate who plays tennis, and Colonel Talbot, the gloomily romantic, and Count Contarini, the furious and jealous Italian. These and many more smaller people (in a social sense) disport themselves "in the sunlight" on the shores of the Mediterranean for the space of two volumes, and then depart, like a little swarm of gnats, which whirls around for a few seconds and vanishes. The gnats are disagreeable, which we do not say Miss Angelica Selby's creations are, but they are unimportant, and the word applies to both.

ENGINEERING BOOKS.*

M R. BODMER'S book on *Hydraulic Motors* has been written with the intention of filling an important blank in engineering literature. There is no modern English work which gives an adequate discussion of the theory of turbines along with anything like a full description of practical forms. Professor Unwin's article on Hydromechanics in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has been the best thing hitherto available; but the treatment of turbines there is necessarily very brief. Even the engineers of the United States, who have done much to bring the turbine towards perfection and to promote a knowledge of its efficiency by exact measurement, have contributed little or nothing in the way of systematic treatises, if we except a translation of a work by Weisbach. Mr. Bodmer has fulfilled his intention fairly well. He writes with a good knowledge of the subject, and his book will, no doubt, prove of considerable service to engineers. We should say, however, that the exposition of theory is not his strong point. The student will be surprised to find the principles of hydrokinetics stated without a reference to the doctrine of stream-lines. The theory of turbines is not particularly easy or exact at the best; but as presented here it is a good deal less perspicuous than it has any business to be. The description of actual turbines is clear and full, and a useful account is added of results got in experimental tests. But why, in speaking of the measurement of flow by means of a notch in a weir-board, does the author revive an ancient fallacy by describing as "the theoretical quantity which should be discharged" over the notch a quantity which experiment shows to be more than sixty per cent. in excess of what is actually discharged? Not a word is added to account for the discrepancy, or to explain that the so-called theoretical discharge is calculated on no rational theoretical basis, and has no claim whatever to its name. Any rational theory must take account of the curvature of the stream-lines and the consequent contraction of the jet, and when that is done, the results of experiment and those of calculation agree. The matter has, in fact, been completely settled by the Lowell hydraulic experiments of Mr. Francis, and by the justification of the Francis formula on theoretical grounds, which was communicated to the British Association in 1876 by Professor James Thomson (not, we are happy to say, "the late" Professor James Thomson, as he is called at another place in this book). But Mr. Bodmer does not refer to this rectification of hydrodynamic theory, nor to another important contribution to the subject of gauging, for which we have also to thank James Thomson—namely, the use

* *Hydraulic Motors, Turbines, and Pressure Engines.* By G. R. Bodmer. (The Specialists' Series.) London: Whittaker & Co.

Gas and Petroleum Engines: a Practical Treatise on the Internal Combustion Engine. By William Robinson, M.E., Senior Demonstrator in the City and Guilds of London Technical College. (Finsbury Technical Manuals, edited by Professor S. P. Thompson.) London: E. & F. N. Spon. 1890.

Iron and Steel Manufacture: a Text-Book for Beginners. By Arthur H. Hiorns, Principal of the School of Metallurgy, Birmingham and Midland Institute. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Metallurgy of Silver: a Practical Treatise on the Amalgamation, Roasting, and Lixiviation of Silver Ores. By M. Eissler. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

Boilers, Marine and Land; their Construction and Strength. By Thomas W. Traill, Engineer Surveyor-in-Chief to the Board of Trade. Second edition. London: Griffin & Co. 1890.

Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Popularly and Socially Considered. By J. W. C. Haldane. Second Edition. London: E. & F. N. Spon. 1890.

Potential, and its Application to the Explanation of Electrical Phenomena, Popularly Treated. By Dr. Tumlietz, Lecturer in the German University at Prague. Translated by D. Robertson, M.A., LL.B., B.Sc. London: Rivingtons.

of the triangular notch. An interesting account is given of the extensive use of water-power in America. At the great hydraulic establishment of Holyoke, in Massachusetts, a company controls the flow of the Connecticut river, and leases many thousands of horse-power by turbine to neighbouring mills at the rate of some twenty shillings per annum for each horse-power—a remarkably low rental. The development which has taken place in recent years of electric methods of distributing power and conveying it over long distances has put new life into the whole question of utilizing water-power. We now only need a substantial rise in the price of coal to bring about an immense extension of the use of turbines. Mr. Bodmer closes his book with a chapter on hydraulic pressure engines, a class of motor which is growing in importance in connexion with such schemes as Mr. Ellington's for distributing power in towns by means of water at a high pressure laid on for this purpose in special mains. It is interesting to notice that amongst the most efficient of turbines is one of almost primitive simplicity—the American Pelton wheel or "Hurdy-gurdy" of the California miners, with cup-shaped buckets standing out upon the rim, against which an open jet of water plays with high velocity. The cups deviate the water backwards and succeed in extracting usefully some eighty or even eighty-five per cent. of the energy of the jet.

Mr. Robinson's substantial volume on *Gas and Petroleum Engines* is a valuable addition to the library of the engineer. There are few engineering subjects that have a more lively present-day interest than that of gas-engines, and we find it treated here in a thoroughly practical present-day manner. The best modern gas-engines and oil-engines are described, down to their latest mechanical details, with the help of excellent illustrations. Mr. Robinson has been remarkably successful in bringing his accounts up to date, and his chapters on the modifications of the Otto type of gas-engine, and on the use of petroleum in prime motors, contain much descriptive matter that will be found in no other text-book. The theoretical matter is not less satisfactory. A sound knowledge of physics and thermodynamics is apparent in the discussion of the gas-engine as a heat-engine, and in the account that is given of the action of explosive mixtures. The treatment of the subject on its scientific side is distinguished throughout by fulness and accuracy. Taken as a whole, the book is by far the best existing treatise on gas-engines.

Readers who wish to have a briefer general account of the manufacture of iron and steel than they will find in the treatise of Greenwood or Bauerman may find Mr. Hiorns's little book useful. A description of the ores of iron and of their constituents is followed by a short account of the physical properties of iron, and then of the older direct methods of extracting iron from the ore. The author passes on to speak of pig-iron and indirect extraction by means of the blast furnace; then of refining and puddling, and of the treatment of puddled iron in the rolling-mill. A short account of ironfounding follows; and the last chapters deal with the properties of steel, and with its preparation by the cementation, the Bessemer, and the Siemens processes. Much information is condensed within a very narrow compass. The book should serve well as a class manual where the author's succinct paragraphs may be enlarged upon by a teacher; and the questions which are set at the end of each chapter are adapted to fit it for such a purpose.

Mr. Eissler has followed up his treatise on the Metallurgy of Gold, which we noticed favourably at the time of its appearance, by a companion volume on the Metallurgy of Silver. His accounts of the various processes which are followed in extracting silver from the ore, and in the assaying, melting, and refining of silver bullion are clearly put and well illustrated. The book is in great part a skilfully arranged compilation, and the author might with advantage have acknowledged more explicitly than he has done the share which the scissors and paste-pot have had in its preparation.

We are glad to see that Mr. Traill's handbook of rules for the construction of boilers has been so well received that a second issue has been called for. The new edition contains a number of additional data, and the tabular dimensions have now been extended to serve for steam pressures ranging up to 200 lbs. per square inch—a significant indication of the present drift of practice in steam engineering.

Engineering, Popularly and Socially Considered, is the easy-chair gossip of a veteran who loves to recall the incidents of his thirty-five years' experience in various branches of the profession, and is prepared to chat with equal garrulity and zest about the most modern features of engineering practice. To be button-holed in real life by a gentleman who should talk as Mr. Haldane writes would be nothing less than intolerable; but so long as we feel that we can close the book at any instant, we are able to read on with gentle amusement and even a measure of interest. It would be flattery to call any of his good things funny, and it would be stretching a point to admit that any of his stories have one. But there is a certain charm in his very garrulity and simple egotism, and as one turns the pages one begins to find that there is shrewdness in his comments on professional matters and a surprising extent of knowledge, even in regard to present-day affairs. The book is a mine of miscellaneous information; few engineers will glance through it without learning something that they did not know before.

In noticing a treatise on "Potential" in a review of engineering books, one may save oneself from being charged with a sin

July 26, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

113

is given . At the sachusetts, river, and neighbouring town for each ment which distributing w life into now only out an in- closes in a class of with such towns by purpose is the most incity—the California in the rim, velocity, extracting the energy Petroleum engineer more lively he find in mer. The , down to it illustrating bringing nations of in prime and in no satisfactory apparent d in the res. The nglished hole, the ent of the treatise the book constituents of iron, from the direct er- and rolling the last paration pro- cesses. compass author's and the apted to

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of classification by referring to the work and language of electrical engineers. Were the late Mr. Green of Nottingham to come to life, it would surprise him to find that the term which he introduced to name an abstract conception in mathematical physics is now part of the everyday phraseology of the workshop, and has even found its way, if we are not mistaken, into Acts of Parliament. In short treatise by Dr. Tumlitz, well translated by Mr. Robertson, the attempt is made to expound the idea of "potential" from the physical standpoint, but we doubt whether it will materially assist students in mastering notions with which they may become familiar by reading any good general text-book of electricity.

STRANGE CRIMES.*

IN *Strange Crimes* Mr. Westall has chosen a subject which will always attract readers. Probably it is a survival of the primitive hunting instinct which makes detective novels popular, and the tracking of a murderer—from an arm-chair—the favourite leisure amusement of many apparently civilized persons. In these tales the reader of MM. Gaboriau, Boisgobey, et Cie's novels will find the raw material out of which his beloved romances are woven—such stuff as "shockers" are made of. Some of these "strange crimes" have already been utilized for this purpose—for instance, the story of Martin Guerre and his mysterious double has been woven into a moderately successful novel by the elder Dumas; and the number of writers, from Carlyle downwards, who have written on the ever-fascinating theme of the "Diamond Necklace" is beyond our counting. The story of Latude's escape from the Bastille—no particular crime, by the way—has been told "in numbers" in the old *Penny Magazine*, but it is so hard to find in that unindexed jungle of useful knowledge that, for all practical purposes, it might as well not be there at all. As far as we remember, it was there given at much greater length than Mr. Westall has bestowed upon it. Moreover, he has wasted some time and space over the story of how Latude got imprisoned in the Bastille, which was a thing that anybody could do. It is near akin to praise to blame an author for writing too little; but we certainly think that many of the stories in this volume would have gained considerably in interest had they been told at greater length and with more expansion of detail, especially the autobiographic account of the "Escape from Eastern Siberia," where a splendid subject is comparatively spoiled by being compressed into thirty-seven small pages. For the way in which this particular story is told Mr. Westall is not accountable, as he only professes to give a translation of the narrative communicated by its hero, Debagoorio Mokrievitch, to a clandestine Russian journal; but we are sure that there is a thrilling novel to be made out of the Voordam story, which he has christened "Caught in their own Trap"; and we have felt at the end of several of the other stories that we should have liked to know more about the people who did the deed and the circumstances under which it was done. People nowadays have all but forgotten Dumppard, and the Orsini bombs, which brought about the liberation of Italy and our own Volunteer movement, and several of the crimes done in the "Thirties"; while few will have heard of "Anthelme Collet," the "Protean" impostor, who played during the wars of the Empire the part which one might have expected Cagliostro to have played had he been living in that troublous time; though Collet seems to have been even cleverer than Cagliostro. What a tale, we may remark, it must have been for swindlers when, after plundering people in one province, they had only to travel a hundred miles or so, cross some convenient frontier, and begin again under a new name. Wherever a monastery or a banker could be found, Collet seems to have been sure of filling his pockets; and, unlike most swindlers, he seems to have been a careful soul, who invested his winnings instead of squandering them; perhaps feeling that compared with the excitement of getting them all ordinary dissipations were tame.

It is startling to read that about a hundred years ago the law in France condemned a servant girl who poisoned her master "to be attached to a stake with an iron chain and burnt alive." Nor was this law, we believe, altered until the Revolution. Marie Antoinette tried in vain to save a young girl from being broken on the wheel; but though these tortures are happily no longer inflicted, yet the delays and moral torment inflicted by the French system of criminal jurisprudence at the present day are appalling. Under the old system, in 1786, poor Victoire Salmon was locked up for six years, and threatened continually with torture and death, for a crime of which she was innocent, yet an action against the officers of the law for false imprisonment was no more possible in France a hundred years ago than it is now; and some of our readers may remember the cruel case of Rosalie Doise, a young married woman near Hazebrouck, who was arrested for a crime of which she was not guilty, and was legally tormented for two years until she confessed that she had committed it. A subscription was, we believe, opened for her in England at the time; but the system still exists, and under it a *prévention* may apparently last for as many years as the *juge d'instruction* pleases. A late well-

known Cambridge don was fond of telling a story about one of his pupils who paddled down the Rhône in a canoe. "And he paddled along the coast to Marseilles, and into the old harbour, and tied up his canoe to one of the ladders, and climbed up the ladder on to the quay. As soon as he got to the top a policeman caught him by the scruff of his neck and locked him up." This being, we regret to say, not an unusual mode of procedure among minor French and German officials, it appears to be as easy to fall into the clutches of the law on the Continent as it is difficult to extricate oneself from them. We believe that the late M. Gaboriau wrote several of his novels with a view to exposing the harshness and arbitrary administration of French criminal law, but we are not aware that any reform has been effected.

The book with which Mr. Westall's work especially challenges comparison is Mr. Baring-Gould's *Historic Byways*; but, if there was little history in *Historic Byways*, there is even less in *Strange Crimes*, so that no one can pretend that he is studying the book from any motive save amusement. But there are in it many stories, all well told, in spite of a tendency to undue compression, and each story may be certainly reckoned on as containing a murder or a soul-stirring "situation" of some sort.

SANITY AND INSANITY.*

THREE is perhaps more uninstructed talk about insanity than any other branch of science. Most people think themselves qualified to express opinions as to its nature and causation, and even to give decisions on the mental condition of their fellows. The reason of this is not far to seek. There has been scarcely any definite scientific teaching on the subject, and those who have had most opportunities of studying it have done but little towards reducing the chaotic mass of material to anything like order, or applying any principle to their attempts at explanation. The medical profession at large have at the best but a scrappy knowledge of the clinical facts of insanity, and the large majority of those who have the care of the insane in either public or private asylums have been unable, from want of scientific training or from the multifarious nature of their managerial duties, to do more in the literary way than describe more or less accurately the symptoms which characterize insanity. Hence it can scarcely be wondered at that the evidence of experts has far less than its due weight in courts of law, both in civil and criminal cases involving the rights or punishments of alleged lunatics, and that the general conception of lunacy has anything but a scientific basis. The chief defect or fallacy which marks most of the attempts at scientific work on insanity at the present day is due to a disregard of the facts of normal psychology, or a deliberate rejection of mental science in its entirety, on the ground that all inquiry is vain where the results cannot be expressed in physical terms. The intelligent and philosophically educated student is thus met at the outset of his investigations in the field of insanity with either a confused mass of facts, more or less carefully detailed, without the connecting link of a luminous hypothesis, or by a superficial and narrowly materialistic teaching which lays down that the mind is but a function of the nervous system, but at the same time inextricably mingles the terms of physiology with those of a psychology that cannot be brought into any intelligible relation with the known functions of the nervous system.

In the book before us—the latest issue of the "Contemporary Science Series"—the author recognizes and inculcates, with force and accuracy, first, that the study of the normal mind, or mental order, must precede, for explanatory purposes, that of mental disorder; and, next, that, however closely allied the functions of the mind and those of the higher cerebral regions may be, they must ever be regarded as essentially distinct, and that physical and mental terms must be rigidly kept apart. Keeping in view the dictum that mental processes are not to be expressed in terms of nerve force, nor nervous processes in terms of mind, the author holds the opinion, which is apparently the most tenable, that the action of the highest nerve-centres is somehow attended by a mental state; and that without some nervous process mental states cannot arise. At this stage of the argument criticism would become metaphysical discussion. Dr. Mercier does not dwell at length on this standpoint, but boldly takes the position of those philosophers who hold that interaction between mind and matter is impossible; he is satisfied, and probably justified, for the purpose of this book, by recognizing the "fathomless abyss" which sundered them; and with what is practically an application of the Leibnitzian theory of "pre-established harmony" to illustrate, though not to explain, the simultaneous activity of nervous and mental force. This position is, at least, an intelligible one, and effectively prevents confusion in terms. The ground being thus in a way cleared, the author proceeds to study the mind in connexion with the subject of nervous action, and to show what are the various modes or characters in the nervous process upon which depend the various manifestations of consciousness that we know by the names of Memory, Thought, Reason, Will, Imagination, Emotion, &c. In his short but lucid sketch of the

* *Strange Crimes*. By W. Westall, Author of "Birch Dene," "Nigel Fortescue," "The Phantom City," &c. 1 vol. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

* *Sanity and Insanity*. By Charles Mercier, M.B., Lecturer on Insanity at the Westminster Hospital Medical School, &c. London: Walter Scott. 1890.

general constitution of mind and the nature of the various faculties of which it consists, the author follows the psychology of Spencer, of whom he is a loyal disciple; and closely applies throughout the evolutional hypotheses to illuminate the complicated material with which he has to deal. That he is, however, no uncritical adherent of any system is obvious in many places; and this is evidenced still more strongly by some important modifications in certain details of the Spencerian psychology which he introduced into his recent book on *The Nervous System and the Mind*. Of the psychology of this school it is enough to say here that it is based on introspection, and ordered or checked by constant reference to what is known of nervous physiology in the light of the doctrine of development. At any rate, the principle of this system is clear and definite, and the theory involved, whether it be regarded as fully explanatory or not of the phenomena to which it is applied, seems at least to cover them more completely and more consistently than any other.

In connexion with the difficult subject of "consciousness of self," Dr. Mercier puts forward an original hypothesis, which will be admitted at once by psychologists to be of important bearing, and greatly to elucidate many of the facts of insanity, for which purpose it is freely used by the author. He supposes, to put it very briefly, that there is a double circulation of nerve energy, the one to and from the nervous centres and the outside of the body, bringing the organism into relation with the external world; the other to and from the internal organs; and that our consciousness of the world at large corresponds with impressions made by or action made upon the outside world through the first of these currents, and our consciousness of self with the action of the second. This theory is apparently widely applicable, and its statement at some length is one of the most remarkable passages in this thoughtful and stimulating book.

The main part of the work is occupied with an attempt to explain the nature and causes of insanity, and its various forms, by closely comparing its phenomena with normal mental processes and their accompanying nervous changes. It is not within our scope to give even a *résumé* of these deeply interesting chapters; for, although eminently clear in style, they are written with so much conciseness as to render condensation a source of confusion. There is much that is striking and original in this author's treatment of the subject; and it may be fairly said that he has established his claim of making in this little book the first endeavour to systematically account for the facts of insanity. Detailed description of the forms of insanity will not be found except where it serves to illustrate a principle. The book seems to be especially intended as a philosophical introduction to the study of mental disorder, and, as such, must appeal strongly, not only to the thoughtful amongst those who intend to address themselves to this special branch of the profession, but also to every medical man. It is the family doctor alone whom opportunity permits to detect the beginnings of lunacy, and it is of the first importance that he should be intelligently instructed in the elements of this difficult study. There is at present no compulsory teaching on the matter; and the confused nature of many of the lectures and writings on insanity, even at the present time, uninformed by any psychological knowledge, and scarcely helped out by a systematic reference to the higher physiology of the nervous system, serves but to disappoint and deter the earnest and logically-minded student. It would hardly be too much to say that an intelligent student of physiology and modern psychology would be hindered rather than helped in his rational endeavours to study insanity by putting himself under the guidance of a large majority of those who have spent years in superintending asylums. There is ample room and necessity as well for some luminous leading in this branch of study.

To many educated readers, and the legal profession especially, this book will certainly be of no small use. The study of the abnormal by comparison with the normal—a method which is strictly adhered to throughout by Dr. Mercier—renders his work singularly adaptable to the non-medical mind, giving both cohesion and intelligibility to a subject full of interest to most thoughtful people. Such will learn, perhaps for the first time, that there can be "disorder of mind without insanity, and that in insanity there is much besides disorder of mind." Something approaching to a real working definition of insanity will be found, and a careful perusal of Dr. Mercier's lucid statements and cogent reasoning as to the nature and causes of insanity may help many a clear-headed judge or advocate to separate the chaff from the wheat in the medical evidence both of the ignorant and the over-expert witness. After a very careful study of this book, we feel bound to give it an unqualified welcome. Doubtless its psychology may not be accepted by every psychologist, and its physiology will be criticized as too hypothetical by some and misunderstood by others both within and without the medical profession. But the thought is precise throughout, and the arrangement logical; technical terms are used in unvarying signification—a somewhat rare event in books of this nature—and the assumptions made must be regarded as at least light-giving and reasonable, even if not conceded full explanatory weight. Outside the psychological school of Spencer and the body of medical followers of the valuable thought contained in the scattered writings of Hughlings Jackson, the book will unquestionably be found to contain some hard sayings; but it can scarcely fail to be read with interest and advantage by all who are attracted by its title. Its style is vigorous, and evinces a wide literary culture. It bristles with apposite similes drawn from surprisingly various departments of

knowledge; and we notice with pleasure that in many places the writer shows an intimate acquaintance with one whom he happily dubs the oldest and shrewdest of alienists—the most learned and humorous author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

THE VOLCANOES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

THE title of this book cannot be said to err on the side of brevity, and yet its accuracy is open to dispute. Professor Dana might have described his work more correctly as a "Memoir on the Hawaiian Volcanoes and their Place in the History of Vulcanicity." He has, in short, dealt with the Sandwich Islands as the late Professor Phillips did with Vesuvius, and gives us the results of his studies in a volume of about four hundred pages, illustrated by numerous engravings and maps. The memoir on Hawaiian Volcanoes, by Captain C. E. Dutton, published in the Fourth Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey (1884), at first sight might seem to leave little room at present for any other work on the same subject; but Professor Dana handles it in a rather different manner, and thus has invested it with a fresh charm. Moreover, he may fairly claim a vested interest in this volcanic district. As stated in his preface, his first visit to the Sandwich Islands was in the year 1840, his second in 1857. But he began work of this nature at a yet earlier date; for so long ago as in 1834 he ascended Vesuvius and visited Stromboli. Since then he has studied volcanoes, active and extinct, in Madeira and in the Cape de Verde group, in New South Wales, Tahiti, the Fijis, and other Pacific islands, as well as on the western coast of the United States. Thus the present volume is a record of an experience exceptionally wide and long; yet no one, on reading the book, would suppose that its author had left the allotted period of threescore and ten years so far behind.

Some volcanoes are in a condition of more or less incessant activity; others alternate epochs of paroxysmal eruption with comparatively long intervals of quiescence. Stromboli may be quoted as an instance of the one, Vesuvius of the other. The Hawaiian volcanoes, in part at least, are examples of the former type on a scale exceptionally grand. As Professor Dana truly says:—

the magnitude and easy access of the great craters; their proximity, while nearly ten thousand feet apart in altitude; their strange unlikeness in ordinary action, although alike in features and lavas; their un-sympathizing independence; their usually quiet way of sending forth lava-streams twenty and thirty miles long, make them a peculiarly instructive field for the student of volcanic science, as well as an attractive one for the lover of the marvellous.

The whole island group is an instance of a line, possibly double, of volcanic mountains. They formerly were fifteen in number; but only three, all of them on Hawaii, still remain in activity. That island is made up of five volcanoes. The most elevated, Mount Kea, which rises to a height of 13,805 feet above the sea, is extinct; but Mount Loa, which only falls short of it by 130 feet, is active, together with the better known crater of Kilauea, which is situated a little more than four thousand feet above the sea.

With the exception of some fringing scraps of coral rock, the whole of Hawaii is composed of volcanic materials. These exhibit comparatively little variety, for all are basalt. The same is true of the other islands, except that the mineral nephelene has been detected in some rare instances, and a little of the lava of Maui is more correctly referred to andesite.

These volcanoes exhibit two characteristics which distinguish them from the type more familiar to travellers. One is the small angle at which their slopes descend—on an average about five degrees—an inclination which is prolonged beneath the sea-level for a depth at least equal to the greatest elevation above it. This is due to the fact that these mountain masses, so far as known, are mainly built up of lava flows; scoria and fragmental materials forming but a small part. Mount Kea has, indeed, a terminal cinder-cone, but this is of no great elevation, and it is wanting in Mount Loa and Kilauea. The other characteristic is almost unique. To quote Professor Dana's words:—

Kilauea is always accessible. Although the crater is so large, the height is no greater than that of Vesuvius. Even when ready for an eruption it is safe to stand on the brink of the great pit and watch the boiling calderons, and sweeping lava-floods, and violent but harmless blowing cones. The action of the liquid lavas is ordinarily so quiet and regular that all parts of the great open area may be traversed with safety; and the margins of the fiery lakes, if the heat be not too great, may be made a sleeping place for the night, with only this possibility, that the lava may well up and spill over. This spilling over may be the sending away of a stream for a mile or two across the crater's bottom, but, standing a little to one side, it does no damage, and the next day the fresh lavas may be walked upon.

Thus Kilauea exhibits a history of the inner workings of the volcano, of the movements and changes that take place within the crater, over the various parts of the great area, where come into view the outlets of the subterranean lava-column, and of these events as steps in the line of progress from its emphatic condition after a great eruption, till ready again for an outbreak.

* *Characteristics of Volcanoes; with Contributions of Facts and Principles from the Hawaiian Islands, including an Historical Review of Hawaiian Volcanic Action for the past Sixty-six Years, a Discussion of the Relations of Volcanic Islands to Deep-sea Topography, and a Chapter on Volcanic Island Densification.* By James D. Dana. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low & Co.

July 26, 1890.]

Professor Dana has collected the materials available for a history of the eruptions of Mount Loa and Kilauea, the latter of course being the more complete. From his studies the following results appear to follow. No law of periodicity can be established in the eruptions, but they are certainly more frequent in the wetter season of the year—that is, in the four months March to June. The discharges, comparatively speaking, are not explosive in character, the lava bubbling up in the wide throat of the volcano. This is like a gigantic well, in which the incandescent fluid always stands at a comparatively high level. Its surface is lowered when a discharge takes place, the molten mass escaping into fissures which not unfrequently do not reach the surface. In other cases, however, the lava breaks out from the mountain side, when it is characterized by great liquidity. Several of the streams which have issued from Mount Loa have reached distances of from twenty to thirty-five miles from the crater. The streams from Kilauea are shorter, the longest being about twelve miles; but as this finally issued at a distance of twenty-seven miles from the crater, and there can be no doubt as to its progress underground in the intervening space, the probable length of this stream cannot have been much less than thirty-nine miles. Thus the lava must be unusually liquid and at a high temperature. This is also indicated by its dazzling brightness, when the crusted surface of the great pool within the crater of Kilauea is suddenly ruptured. Professor Dana thinks it probable that the temperature of the liquid mass is certainly not less than $2,400^{\circ}\text{F}$. Full details are given of the characters of the lava streams, the surfaces of which vary greatly—some, locally called *pahoehoe*, being wrinkled,ropy, and billowy, like certain kinds of slag; others, called *a'a*, extremely rugged and rough, a mass of "broken-up lava, the breaking of which occurred during the flow." Some streams pass from the one condition to the other. Among other interesting facts may be noted the occurrence of the flames of burning gas during an eruption, and the subsequent dropping down by concentric faults of the floor and parts of the wall of the craters.

A valuable chapter on the microscopic structure of the lavas of the group is contributed by Professor E. S. Dana, junior, in which several interesting characters are described. In this we can only notice a study of the singular stalactites which occur in certain caverns in the lava streams from Mount Loa and Kilauea. They vary in length from a few inches to twenty or thirty, but are usually not more than a quarter of an inch in diameter. They exhibit a crystalline structure, and consist of the ordinary minerals of the basalt—feldspar, augite, and magnetite—though olivine has not yet been observed. They cannot be the result of direct fusion of the rock, for not only has an increase in their length been observed, but also stalagmitic masses occur on the floor beneath them, like those which may be found beneath ordinary stalactites in a cavern in limestone. The constituent minerals, also, are not associated as in the normal rock, but exhibit a certain concentric arrangement. Thus, as Professor Dana remarks, "We are forced to speculate as to the power of the highly-heated water-vapour, known to be present in large quantities, to form them from the roof by a sort of process of aquo-fusion." Beyond this, as he observes, it seems impossible to proceed in the present state of our knowledge.

The book is well printed and well illustrated; though, as regards the latter, it is hardly equal to Captain Dutton's memoir. Exception may sometimes be taken to the English, and it may be doubted whether our language is enriched by such words as "vesiculated" or "gorged" (in the sense of furrowed by gorges). The explanations of petrological nomenclature given by the author seem sometimes to be open to criticism; and when he compares a process of metamorphism to that "which takes place when a felspathic sandstone is converted into granite," he takes for granted a change which, though it has often been asserted, has never been proved. A desire for uniformity, and for making a distinction between the names of rocks and minerals, leads him to adopt the termination *-yte* instead of *-ite*, and write dolerite for dolerite, and syenite for syenite. To us this change appears to bring little profit and some loss; moreover, he is mercifully inconsistent in adhering to the old way of spelling granite. These, however, are at worst only superficial blemishes; the book will have a permanent value as a memoir dealing with a very remarkable group of volcanoes, and a most important contribution to the difficult subject of the connexion of these eruptive vents with the physical history of the earth.

THE COLOURS OF ANIMALS.*

THIS interesting volume might, with equal or greater propriety, have been entitled *The Colours of Lepidopterous Insects*, for the principles and illustrations with which it is occupied are almost entirely taken from that order of the insects to which the moths and butterflies belong. The object of the book is to demonstrate the uses of colours and marking in animal forms; colour, as such, not being of necessity of any value to an organism. Mr. Poulton groups the causes of animal-colour under two heads, which he calls "pigmentary"—that is, caused by absorption—and "structural." All colour, he conceives, was

originally non-significant, and a very large proportion of hues still remain so. But there are colours which "may be of direct physiological value to the organism, or may assist in the struggle for existence by deluding other species, or by aiding the individuals of the same species, or they may be intimately connected with courtship." The main part of Mr. Poulton's volume is occupied with the consideration of four classes of colours—those employed in protective and aggressive resemblance, those in protective and aggressive mimicry (which is but a special example of the preceding), warning colours, and colours displayed in courtship.

In the case of protective resemblance, it is often difficult, in looking at an animal in an isolated condition, to realize that the protection is actual. But on this subject Mr. Galton made a valuable note forty years ago. He said in his *South Africa*:

Snakes and lizards are the most brilliant of animals; but all these, if viewed at a distance, or with an eye whose focus is adjusted, not exactly at the animal itself, but to an object more or less distant than it, become apparently of one hue and lose all their gaudiness. No more conspicuous animal can well be conceived, according to common ideas, than a zebra; but on a bright starlight night the breathing of one may be heard close by you, and yet you will be positively unable to see the animal. If the black stripes were more numerous he would be seen as a black mass; if the white, as a white one; but their proportion is such as exactly to match the pale tint which arid ground possesses when seen by moonlight.

Mr. Poulton quotes the "looping" larva of the *Geometridae* as highly characteristic examples of special protective resemblance. These caterpillars have only two pairs of claspers instead of five pairs, like other caterpillars, and they project their stiff, knotted, twig-like bodies, perfectly motionless, at an acute angle with the stem to which the claspers are fastened. They look exactly like normal shoots of the plant which they happen to feed upon, or sometimes, as in the case of the larvae of the Large Emerald Moth, like the catkins of the tree. The author instances a lichen-feeding geometrid (*Cleora lichenaria*) which twists itself in among the irregularities of the lichen, and is so coloured as to be wholly lost to the eye in a casual examination. An interesting instance of general resemblance, familiar to all who have collected English caterpillars, is afforded by the handsome larvae of the Privet Hawk Moth, and is thus described by Mr. Poulton:

Although the caterpillar looks so conspicuous, it harmonizes very well with its food-plant, and is sometimes difficult to find. The purple stripes increase the protection by breaking up the large green surface of the caterpillar into smaller areas. This caterpillar also affords a good example of a rapid change of colour corresponding to a change of environment. When full grown it descends to the ground, and hurries about in search of a spot to bury itself in; and, being very large and bright green, it would be exceedingly conspicuous against the brown earth if it retained the usual colour. But just before it descends the back begins to turn brown, and becomes finally dark brown, so that the caterpillar harmonizes well with the colour of its new surroundings.

There can be no doubt that the peculiarly defenceless condition of the lepidopterous larva, which is a mere cylindrical tube of liquid pressed within soft walls, is the cause of the extraordinary variety of methods by which nature has secured its safety, and protective resemblance seems to be the most abundant of these. Instances of aggressive resemblances are not so common. But the predatory insects of the genus *Mantis* are protected by their imitative colour, and many larvae cover themselves with bits of the vegetable substances they feed on, so as almost wholly to evade detection.

The opposite of colours which aim at protective or aggressive resemblance are the warning colours found among insects. It was discovered by Darwin that certain caterpillars of very striking or brilliant hue were the object of suspicion to birds, who would eat plain drab caterpillars with relish. As a matter of fact, it is found that several of these insects, as particularly the larvae of the Magpie, Cinnabar, and Buff-tip Moths, are excessively nauseous and extremely noticeable in colour. It is difficult, however, to see where the advantage to the caterpillar comes in. It may be said that the brilliant colours of these larvae are providential, for the bird which tastes one is made almost sick by it, and notes in its memory, "stick-caterpillar of creamy colour, with orange spots and black stripes, very disgusting"; but surely the attractive colours are of doubtful benefit to the larva, who will presently be eaten by another and less experienced bird. A quiet skin and a nauseous smell would, one thinks, be a truer source of protection. Mr. Poulton has made some curious observations on the bright colours of nauseous insects, and all this portion of his book is interesting; but it appears to us that he is a little too much in a hurry to fit all facts in with his theory, and that a great deal more evidence has to be collected before the theory of warning colours can be accepted.

There is more positive proof in existence of the fascinating theory of protective mimicry, to which Francis Bates first drew attention, nearly thirty years ago, in the case of some of the Amazonian butterflies. There are certain insects, mainly belonging to the families of the *Danaidae* and *Heliconidae*, which possess a clear yellow fluid in their bodies intensely nauseous to birds. Mr. Belt, who studied this matter in Nicaragua, saw spiders drop these butterflies out of their nets, and small monkeys, who are commonly greedy of insects, reject them over and over again. Even vermin and mites will avoid the dried bodies of *Heliconidae*. Now, the extraordinary fact seems to be that in districts where the *Heliconidae* and the *Danaidae* occur plentifully they are closely, but of course only externally, mimicked by *Pieridae*, a family exceedingly toothsome and welcome to every species of bird. It is an odd fact that this kind of particular mimicry is more often

* *The Colours of Animals, their Meaning and Use.* By Edward Bagnall Poulton, F.R.S. (The International Scientific Series.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

found in female butterflies than in male, but no satisfactory theory of the reason of this preference has hitherto been put forward. Of great interest, as an experimental evidence of the protection afforded by mimetic resemblance, is the following passage, given by Mr. Poulton, on the authority of his own observation:—

I offered a Satin Moth to a marmoset which was excessively fond of insects, and which had not gratified this appetite for some days. He seized the moth, and ate it with the strongest expressions of disgust, well known to all who are acquainted with him; in fact, had not the attempt been made to take the moth away, I believe he would have rejected it. As soon as he had finished this nauseous morsel, I offered him a Gold Tail Moth, but he shrank from the sight of it, and had evidently had quite enough of white moths for the time being. And yet he eagerly seized and devoured many other inconspicuous insects which I offered to him. It was merely the resemblance to the moth which had so disgusted him which saved the Gold Tail, for on another occasion he ate four of these latter moths one after the other with the greatest relish. The marmoset has a far more delicate taste than any other insect-eating animal with which I am acquainted, and it appears, therefore, to be certain that the Gold Tail Moth is palatable. I have also confirmatory evidence as to both these species, from the behaviour of other animals. The great abundance of the Gold Tail, in spite of its agreeable taste, must in part be explained by the fact that the caterpillar is specially protected in different ways, but it must also follow from the fact that white and conspicuous moths are generally unpalatable.

The superficial resemblance between these two insects is very great. The conclusion which this and many similar experiments seems to lead to, is that insect-eating animals do not choose their food from instinctive knowledge of what is nice and what is nasty, but have to learn by experience, and that this experience may be deceived by the mimetic resemblance, as of a harmless beetle (*Clytus arietis*) to the wasp, as of the drone-fly to the honey-bee, or of the bee hawk-moth to the humble-bee. The most detailed example of mimicry yet described was observed in Tropical America, where the leaf-cutting ants abound, and where Mr. W. L. Slater found a homopterous insect which not merely imitated the form and colour of the formidable ant, but had between its jaws a thin, flat extension which looked exactly like the leafy burden with which the ants hurry to the formicarium. In Mr. Belt's fascinating book on Nicaragua this matter of mimetic resemblances is gone into with great minuteness of illustration; but no case is cited so extraordinary as this of imitation, not only of the insect itself, but of the results of its apparent occupation.

MEMORIALS OF ST. EDMUND'S ABBEY.*

IT is much to be regretted that the series of Chronicles and Memorials to which this volume belongs is not under more efficient direction. While it certainly contains some of the best work that has been produced by English historical scholars, certain volumes have been edited by men who had no just claim to be entrusted with such a task, and have proved themselves unfit to perform it satisfactorily. It is extraordinary that the responsible authorities can be content to publish side by side with the masterly productions of Bishop Stubbs and Dr. Luard—we might, of course, name other capable, though less brilliant contributors—the poor work of some of their other editors. Can they expect to retain the services of scholars of European reputation if they rank their work along with volumes that show an absence of scholarship? or to satisfy the requirements of students if they allow the series from which so much is justly looked for—and, indeed, has been gained—to fall below a high standard of excellence? The books which they issue are naturally regarded in foreign countries as representing the best results of the English school of history; their editors are paid, not lavishly, but fairly, and, in comparison with what is received by those engaged in kindred work in France, Germany, or Italy, at a decidedly handsome rate; and it is grievous that any volumes of the series should call for decidedly adverse criticism. We do not say that the volume before us is an exceptionally bad one, or that, if it stood alone, it would justify our complaints as regards the management of the series. Indeed, Mr. Arnold may be congratulated on the progress which he appears to have made since the publication of his edition of *Henry of Huntington*, about ten years ago. We have purposely delayed what we wanted to say about the series at large until the appearance of a volume which we could use to illustrate our strictures, and yet were not forced wholly to condemn, in order that our remarks might not seem to have a single application nor be taken as a particular attack.

Mr. Arnold has entered on a large scheme of printing and editing the records of St. Edmund's Abbey, and we gather from his introduction that he is determined to carry it out thoroughly. We wish him success; for the history of the abbey is a noble subject, and, if set forth worthily, cannot fail to be of much interest. His present volume in some degree proves that more discretion should be exercised as regards the materials selected for publication. We cannot but believe that in this matter too much is left to the judgment of the editors. If they could all be trusted equally it would be well enough to let them have their own way; but, as we have already said, some of them

come very far behind such men as Bishop Stubbs or Dr. Luard. The larger part of this book consists of matter which has already appeared in print. New editions of chronicles certainly form the most valuable part of the series. At the same time the reprinting of a chronicle should be allowed only when there is a real need for a new edition, such as existed in the case of the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, and did not exist in the case of the *Flores* of Roger of Wendover. Now there was surely no need to reprint here the *Chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelond*. It was printed and edited thoroughly well for the Camden Society, in 1840; and secondhand copies are neither scarce nor dear. Mr. Arnold does not appear to have been able to improve on Mr. Rokewood's text; and, though he has no doubt carefully gone through the only complete MS. of the work now extant, his text is virtually a reprint. Nor can we welcome Hermann's *De Miraculis Sti Eadmundi* as any material gain. The purely hagiographical parts of the book are in the *Collectio Amplissima* of Martene; and the whole was, in 1879, made the text of an admirable set of notes and comments by Dr. Liebermann, who referred his readers to Martene's work as far as it went, and printed the parts omitted by Martene as foreign to his purpose. Mr. Arnold has here printed the whole book. This seems to us to be uncalled for. Although records of miracles are of some use as now and then affording illustrations of social life, these miracles were already accessible to the few who are likely to want them. Other parts of the treatise contain valuable matter, such as a full account of the attempt of Bishop Herfast to assert the jurisdiction of his see over the Abbey; but a new edition of these parts was not wanted, and it is not altogether pleasant to find one of the editors of our national collection of chronicles following in the wake of a contemporary German scholar. Dr. Liebermann's *Ungedruckte Anglo-Normannische Geschichtsquellen* is on the shelves of most students of the period; his work is well done, and no part of it needs to be done again. Mr. Arnold's text is generally the same as Dr. Liebermann's; his punctuation is different, and there are a few minor variations. He acknowledges his debt to his greater predecessor, and gives the substance of some of his notes. In a footnote, written, apparently, before he had seen Dr. Liebermann's treatise, he expresses his inability to understand the proverb given in MS. as "Ludere porcellum dum constat velle castellum." All difficulty is removed by Dr. Liebermann's obvious emendation of "catellum" for "castellum." In his introduction Mr. Arnold, apparently without any reason, slights the suggestion. He reprints, with an amended text, the legendary tract of Galfridus de Fontibus, which is in Migne's *Patrologia*. He is much exercised by the name of his author, and offers a rather absurd explanation; it does not seem to have occurred to him that there is nothing strange in finding an East-Asian monk bearing the name of Wells.

The good to be gained by subjecting the prefaces or introductions of these volumes to some competent general editorship is becoming increasingly apparent. A few weeks ago it was our duty to call attention to a preface in which a well-known piece of history was treated as though it had never been discovered before, and the editor showed his good faith by making it evident that he had never read any of the modern authorities on the subject. Too often editors who have little to say lengthen out their prefaces by summaries of parts of the text. This is really childish; people who buy these books may be supposed to be able to read them. Of course, we are not objecting to the plan adopted by Bishop Stubbs in his famous prefaces; far from it. That is quite another matter: for the Bishop appends to his texts commentaries of extreme value. What we condemn as trivial are such summaries as that which Mr. Arnold gives of the legend of St. Edmund's youth, and much of what he says about Abbot Sampson, already well known to English readers from Carlyle's delightful *Past and Present*. A general editor would also sometimes be useful in other matters. For example, Mr. Arnold, in a footnote to his reprint of Jocelin, states that Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, was the son of Fair Rosamond. There is some doubt as to who Geoffrey's mother was, but it is at least certain that she was not Rosamond Clifford. Has Mr. Arnold never read Walter Map's *De Nugis Curialium*? In another place we find William Longsword described as Fair Rosamond's son, which is highly improbable, and does not seem to have been asserted before the seventeenth century. In a volume of this series we ought not to read that Hugh Lupus was a cousin of the Conqueror. The alleged relationship does not rest on good authority, and is, we think, first found in Higden's *Polychronicon*; while the use of the comparatively late appellation "Lupus," probably a herald's invention, is open to objection in a book which should be scrupulously critical. A good general editor, too, would hardly have passed without comment the somewhat fatuous note at the foot of p. 63. We are unwilling to estimate Mr. Arnold's qualifications for the task of expounding English ecclesiastical records by the confusion which he seems to make between the rights of a bishop in a cathedral monastery and the exercise of his ordinary episcopal jurisdiction. A hint in time would, no doubt, have led him to express himself with less ambiguity, and possibly to reconsider his opinion as to the advantages of the system of exemptions. To come to small points; in a book like this we ought not to find such slovenly work as "see below, p. , twice in one page; or, again, "Lappenberg's *Anglo-Saxon Kings*, vol. ii.," with no reference to page nor any direction as to whether the quotation is from Lappenberg's own work or Thorpe's translation.

Mr. Arnold proposes to print the charters of the Abbey in

* *Memorials of St. Edmund's Abbey*. Edited by Thomas Arnold, M.A., University College, Oxford; Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland. Vol. I. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1890.

July 26, 1890.]

future volume. A great deal of space has been devoted to such documents in earlier volumes of the series. It would be well if it were laid down that no charter should in future be reprinted that is to be found in books in common use, such as Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus* or Dugdale's *Monasticon*, unless it occurs in the text of a chronicle. References should be given, with a notice of any important variation from the manuscript. In this volume it was unnecessary to reprint the body of the charter of Edmund the Magnificent, absurdly styled here Edmund II., for it was already printed in Kemble's book. Some discretion might also be exercised in printing ordinary charters of donation even for the first time. Many of them present nothing but what may be called common forms, particularly in reciting the religious considerations which prompted a gift. It is needless to fill page after page, as some of the editors have done, with matters of that sort. The purport of the charter, the boundaries, when noted, of the land conveyed, and the attestation should always be printed. For the rest, an editor who was fit for his work would know whether the charter contained anything else peculiar to itself and worthy of record. All merely formal phrases might be left out. In every case in which a charter is not dated limits of date should, if possible, be supplied from the attestation. This has of late been neglected by more than one editor. We must repeat that Mr. Arnold's volume is not altogether to be condemned; it shows evidence of some conscientious work, and of sympathy with its subject. At the same time it is not, as our readers will have gathered, satisfactory in itself or likely to enhance the reputation of the series. In order to ensure better, and better directed, work than we have here or in some of its companion volumes, the series ought to be placed under the supervision of a general editor, or of a small editorial committee like the Council of the Camden Society. This is, we believe, absolutely necessary if this great undertaking is to fulfil, in the best way, the purposes of the grant made for its support, if it is to satisfy the desires of English scholars, and possibly if it is to retain the services of some of the best of them, if it is to be worthy of English historical scholarship, or of the approval of the learned men of other nations.

KURRACHEE—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.*

THE Roman poet wrote of a future time when divers Alban and other towns should no longer be mere names—Suessa Pometa, Castrum Inui, whoever this personage may have been, and Bola and Cora, the terror of lads in the Upper Fourth. What Virgil said in the spirit of prophecy, that Mr. Baillie declares to have really happened with regard to Kurrachee or Karachi, as the purists will spell it. He does not waste time in inquiring whether this place is the same as Krokala or whether Nearchus really started thence for the Persian Gulf. His history of the port begins with a survey made by a certain Commander Carless of the Indian navy more than fifty years ago, and with the conquest of Sind by Sir Charles Napier. Karachi, it may be as well to remind readers, though loosely spoken of as being on the Indus, is on the Habb River. All sorts of names are given to the branches which form the Delta of the great stream. Karachi is at the extreme north of the Delta, near the southern base of the Pab Mountains of Biluchistan; and it boasts of other creeks and channels, all of them muddy and some dry in the hot season. At the time of our occupation in connexion with the first Afghan campaign, about 1839, this port had a population of some ten thousand or at most fourteen thousand inhabitants. The principal channel just allowed native craft to land passengers and goods at high water. There were plenty of mud-banks and flats, and there was a Custom House. Water was scarce and bad. A neighbouring marsh was not conducive to the health of soldier or civilian. The local trade was fairly prosperous, the exports consisting of ghee and indigo, wheat and wool, gums, oil, opium, and shark fins. Among the imports were piece goods and broad-cloth, metals, sugar and coco-nuts, tobacco and cotton, roses and dates. These came variously from China, Bengal, Bombay, and the Persian Gulf. The slave-dealers were driving a roaring trade with Muscat. The local manufactures consisted of caps and light clothing, and a spirit extracted from raw sugar, which the author pronounces to be the nastiest compound he ever tasted. Of gambling, opium-eating, and drunkenness, *pase* Mr. Caine and Archdeacon Farrar, there had been abundance long before the arrival of the wicked English merchant and the erection of the *kachheri* and the Collectorate.

Mr. Baillie has taken considerable pains to persuade us not only that there has been a complete and healthy revolution in every respect, but that Karachi is destined to become the emporium of Western India, if not the capital of the Empire. He has collected facts, analysed piles of statistics, procured photographs of stately buildings, made plans of the city, compared the reports of rival experts, and criticized the merits and demerits of railway schemes, one or other of which ought to convert the port of Karachi into a stately and imperial city, just as Anglo-Indian administration in forty years has converted it from a dirty native

bazar to a flourishing town and cantonment. Unfortunately, he is very much given to digressions which have little or no connexion with his main object. We have in one portion of the book a dissertation on the causes of the monsoon and its effect on the acceleration or detention of the mails. Forty pages further on we have a sketch of Amritsar, its trade, reservoir, and Golden Temple. The Indian Government next comes in for some disparaging comments because it does not follow the example of Russia, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic in consulting great financiers. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Baillie that an enormous amount of English capital has been invested in India in railways, tea, cotton factories, and other commercial ventures, without the aid of a Baring or a Rothschild. Then we have prophecies of a war with Russia, mainly owing to the intrigues of vague Russian counts, and a grandiloquent anticipation of the successful defence of the harbour, simultaneously with a decisive victory on the Helmund. Some facility in writing, residence in different parts of India, and diligence in collecting figures, have not saved Mr. Baillie from the perpetration of some errors. It was *Punch*, we feel sure, and not Sir Charles Napier himself, who described the conquest of Sind, in 1843, by the one word *peccavi*; and the discontinuance of wigs both by judges and barristers in India occurred at a date long before the existence of any High Courts. The discarding of an incumbrance most intolerable during the hot season is due, according to legal tradition, to Sir Francis Macnaghten, about 1824, whose portrait in Calcutta assigns to him a black gown but no wig. His predecessors, Sir W. Burroughs, Sir Henry Russell, and Sir John Anstruther, the first by Lawrence and the other two by Chinnery, all seem to perspire in the full-blown dignity of their unnecessary head-dress. We are not certain whether to the author or to a Royal personage is due the blunder of calling the late Sir B. Frere "a cadet of the East India Company." Frere was an eminent civil administrator. He never, at any time, was a subaltern or cadet in the Indian army.

The object of Mr. Baillie in compiling this ponderous work, as we have indicated, is twofold. He is anxious to show the real progress made in cleanliness, civilization, and commerce, at a port which, so far from being designed for a great city or emporium like Bombay and Calcutta, had really no one thing to recommend it in the shape of climate, natural convenience, or accessibility by land and water. His second object is to prove that a far greater future is yet before it. In the first he has succeeded. We are glad to know that the entrance to the river has been deepened; that the channel over the bar at low water has a depth of twenty feet and a breadth of five hundred; that troopships can enter "with each swelling tide" where dinghies once were stranded on the mud; that there is a breakwater and a mole, an enlightened Municipality, and a Port Trust. It is also pleasant to be informed that the memory of past administrators is recalled to the visitor by spacious buildings suited to the climate and bearing honoured names. There is a Napier Mole and a Frere Hall, a Sind Club, a Merewether Pier, and an Erskine Wharf. A large sum has been wisely spent on works to supply the port and town with pure drinking water. We hear of a good system of tramways, which still leaves ample room for the primitive conveyances of the *ekka* and the bullock cart, the donkey, the camel, and the *Shigram*. Population has rapidly increased. Epidemics, though still occurring, have diminished in intensity. There are churches and convents. Drainage, the lighting of the streets, good roads instead of sandy tracks, add to the comfort of the inhabitants, who begin to realize that these conveniences, though accompanied by an increase of rates and taxes, are well worth the money spent. "Trees have more life, gardens are greener, hedges are taller," and very much has been done by good administration and management of finances to make Karachi, if not equal to Lucknow, Amballa, or Secunderabad, a place where Englishmen can live without exhaustion or pining for the hills during a hot season, which begins in April and only ends in November. The rainfall, we may add, would be scanty in England. In Sind agriculture is mainly dependent on irrigation from rivers and canals, or wells and springs. We learn from the *Imperial Gazetteer* that Karachi is said "to enjoy the healthiest climate in all Sind"; but this encomium is qualified by a further statement that the beginning of the cold season is accompanied by fever, and that external inflammations, ulcers, and skin diseases cause much trouble. The Sind "boils," indeed, are notorious, and leave most distressing marks and scars on the persons of those exposed to such visitations.

With regard to the future, Karachi, in the author's opinion, ought to become a sort of Queen of the Western Waves for the following reasons. It is nearer to England than Bombay by some two hundred miles. The construction of a new railway in a straight line right through the deserts of Rajputana would give to Karachi direct and more rapid communication with Delhi and Upper India; and then you would only have to construct two little branch lines, to Khairpur in one direction and to Jodhpur in another, to make the whole scheme quite perfect. At present the route by the Indus Valley is nearly twelve hundred miles in length, while from Calcutta you can get to Delhi in about 950 miles, and from Bombay to the same place in little short of 900 miles. The straight route advocated by Mr. Baillie has, he candidly admits, some slight disadvantages. There are shifting sand-hills to be dealt with and prevented from choking the line. The heat of Bikanir and Jaisalmer, two of the most sterile principalities in Rajputana, is terrific. The water-supply is very

* *Kurrachee [Karachi]—Past, Present, and Future.* By Alexander F. Baillie, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., Author of "A Paraguayan Treasure" &c. With Maps, Plans, and Photographs. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. Bombay: Thacker & Co., Limited. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co., Limited. 1890.

limited, and usually the natives have to bore some 300 feet before they can find it. The cost of the line would be excessive, and the returns not very remunerative. The advisers of the Government of India are positively so perverse, narrow-minded, and ignorant that they naturally lay stress on these engineering and financial problems, and refuse to place any credence in Mr. Baillie's splendid visions of the future. Indeed, some of these wrongheaded experts have shown a discreditable want of knowledge regarding Thur and Parkar, who are not, as might be imagined, native princes or English engineers with distorted names. They signify two arid deserts in Sind, which in one place present the appearance of waves of incoherent sand-hills, and in another, where irrigated from a river called the Nara, of a jungly and unhealthy swamp. However, the author swallows all these objections, insists on the necessity for preventing famines in Rajputana, anticipates that the railway will be used by hordes of pilgrims from Upper India to Mecca as well as by our own troops, and quietly proposes to satisfy shareholders by paying dividends out of capital while the work is under construction.

It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Baillie that, in the present condition of Indian finances, the Government would not be justified in lending its sanction to any such wild scheme, and that English capitalists will not be likely to step in where the Government holds back. All these planners of new Capitals for India seem to forget that to constitute a metropolis something else is required than surveys and estimates. The late Sir Charles Trevelyan selected Jabalpur as being central, for a new capital. Sir George Campbell has pitched on Nassik, in the Bombay territory—possibly because it is one of the most sacred places of Hindu pilgrimage. Yet, somehow, Calcutta and Bombay have managed to hold their own. Sir Charles Dilke, in his late statesmanlike work, seems to have thought something of Karachi as a port for the arrival and departure of troops, but not much of it as a mercantile emporium. The plain truth is, that no amount of dredging, making of breakwaters, or construction of moles and batteries, is ever likely to make Karachi a serious rival to Bombay. Mr. Baillie must surely be aware that Bombay Harbour could float the finest navy in the world, or two navies if necessary. In the event of the stoppage of the Suez Canal Bombay would be nearer than Karachi for vessels rounding the Cape. And if the road through Egypt remained open to us, it would be easy to send reinforcements to Karachi direct, and forward them to the frontier by the Indus Valley route now in existence; the very railway which Mr. Baillie is so eager to supplant. However, in spite of aimless digressions, and prophecies that are pretty certain to fail, there is a fair amount of information to be extracted from this work. The account of the celebrated Mugger or Makar Pir, the tank of the alligators, is very graphic, aided as it is by a photograph taken by a courageous sergeant of the 33rd Regiment, whose camera was knocked down by a violent lash from the tail of one of these horrible brutes, the photographer himself having just time to get out of the way.

TWO BOOKS UPON BOOKS.*

THE *Annals of Scottish Printing*, by Dr. Dickson and Mr. Edmond, is not a book of which it is easy to give an adequate account in a review. It is a handsome quarto of over five hundred pages, excellently printed, fully indexed, and in all ways a credit to its producers. It treats of the history of printing in Scotland from the days of King James's patent to "our lovittis servitouris Walter Chepman and Andro Myllar," to import a printing press, "with all stuff belangand tharto, and expert men to use the samyne," and to set it up in what is now the Cowgate (but what was then the Southgait) of Edinburgh for the ostensible purpose of "imprinting bukis of our Lawis, actis of parliament, cronicles, mess bukis," and so forth. The document is dated the 15th of September, 1507. King James IV. is fully entitled to all the credit attaching to this enlightened step; but it is suggested, by no means without plausibility, that his real object was less the advancement of literature than the displacement of the Salisbury service-books by the Breviary of his friend and counsellor, William, Bishop of Aberdeen. However this may be, with the establishment of the press in 1507, "at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd," begins the history of printing in Scotland, and, with the biographies and works of the patentees and their successors, Davidson, Scot, Bassandyne, Arbuthnot, Ross, Charteris, Waldegrave, and others up to 1601, the remainder of the book is occupied. It is illustrated with many facsimiles and specimens of type, and bristles with much interesting material, most of which, we can well believe, is the result of laborious, as well as tedious, investigation. But the greater part of the information which it contains, although including many useful facts, is, of necessity, more bibliographical than literary.

This characteristic, in the second of the books included in the present notice, is even more manifest. Of Mr. Cushing's dictionary of *Anonyms* we can but endorse the testimony quoted in its compiler's preface, that all literary workers are under great

* *Annals of Scottish Printing*. By Robert Dickson, L.R.C.S.E., and John Philip Edmond. Cambridge : Macmillan & Bowes. 1890.

Anonyms: a Dictionary of Revealed Authorship. By William Cushing, B.A. 2 vols. London : Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1890.

obligations to the author. The investigation involved in books of this kind is so enormous, the chances of error are so multiplied and complicated, that fault-finding becomes an ungrateful task. There is no doubt that possessors of special books may sometimes find their treasures overlooked, perhaps ill described. For instance, several of Miss Fielding's *Familiar Letters of Dame Simple* are known to be by her brother; sometimes, as in the instance of Hughes's *Itinerary of Provence*, the explanatory notes added to the entry is inexplicable without reference to the work described; and sometimes, as in the case of Puckle's *Codex* of 1723, it is hard to see why the book was included in the Dictionary at all, as the first edition of 1711 was described on the title-page as "printed for the Author, James Puckle." These, however, we repeat, are but inevitable blemishes, which in no way alter the fact that Mr. Cushing's last—we trust he means "latest"—book is a most painstaking, conscientious, and valuable compilation.

FRASER'S LOCKE.*

THIS is a volume in the series entitled "Philosophical Classics for English Readers"; a series which, to the credit of its editor and publishers, is more accommodating to authors in the matter of space than some others. Professor Fraser has been allowed a reasonable amount of elbow-room for his dealing with Locke, and he has used it well. Although he does not belong to the school of philosophy specially known as English, which looks back to Locke as its direct ancestor, but is rather of the Scotico-German school, if we may so term it without offense, his criticism of Locke is fair and in a manner even sympathetic. While he freely points out the inadequateness of Locke's method before the larger problems of philosophy and the insufficiency of the results obtained by it, he does justice to Locke as a man, and appreciates his historical position as a philosopher. The design of the work naturally throws the biographical part somewhat into the background; and, for those who desire a pleasant readable view of Locke's life and times, we do not think Professor Fraser is likely to supersede Dr. Fowler. On the other hand, the President of Corpus, writing of Locke in the "Men of Letters" series, purposely refrained from thoroughgoing philosophical criticism. Professor Fraser has now furnished this in the right manner and measure, enough to guide the student, not so much as to tempt him with the false expectation of making second-hand phrases and results serve the turn instead of study.

The definite practical purpose of Locke's Essay is rightly insisted on at the outset. Locke did not set before himself, as a thing to be accomplished for its own sake, "an abstract discussion as to universality and necessity in knowledge, like that now at issue between empiricism and intellectualism." He sought to fix the limits of human knowledge, in order to have a rational antidote to dogmatism. In this reaction against pure dialectic he is at one, in a general way, with other philosophes of the seventeenth century. Descartes, more consciously ambitious, aimed at a discipline of the intellect which should secure the unbroken advance of science. His conception of such a discipline differed from Bacon's, and was more fruitful, in that it was for him not merely a system of external instructions, but internal and radical. Spinoza, going back, without knowledge or suspicion of it, to something very like the old Stoic ideal, proposed an "emendation of the understanding" which should purge the soul of the gross and common objects of desire, and vindicate for philosophy the power of guiding the reasonable man's life. Among these Locke's endeavour is at first sight the most modest, but it proved itself the straightest road to the revival of the ancient problems in the light of a new dialectic more searching than the old. Hume boldly challenged, and challenged without any effectual reply, the probabilities of common sense in which Locke thought to find a safe resting-place. Kant, openly confessing Hume's victory on that ground, set to work to make good a new position. Criticism of method had deposed the old metaphysic only that the reign of critical metaphysic might be proclaimed. In spite of all that has been said and done, the impetus of Kant is not yet exhausted. If at times philosophy seems to be buried under science, it is that the movement of the nineteenth century has driven science to penetrate itself, consciously or unconsciously, with philosophy of some sort. There is room for legitimate differences of opinion and affection as to Locke's individual genius. One may prefer Descartes or Spinoza on the one side, or Hobbes on the other. But it is plain matter of history that Locke was the man of his time. Berkeley is more brilliant, more attractive. Unless our own experience is abnormal, one is much more likely to recur to him than to Locke for one's own pleasure. Still one can imagine that the main currents of speculation would have been much the same without Berkeley. One cannot well imagine what they would have been without Locke.

When we have once realized that Locke not only did not produce, but had no intention of producing, a "theory of knowledge" in the sense of modern philosophers, we find that many difficulties vanish of themselves, or are resolved into simple incidents or illustrations of Locke's position. A good deal of philosophical

* *Locke*. By Alexander Campbell Fraser, Hon. D.C.L. Oxford Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, University of Edinburgh. [In "Philosophical Classics" Series.] Edinburgh and London : Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

July 26, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

119

criticism has been uttered, even by competent persons, which is like censuring Archimedes for not having defended Syracuse with a mine-field and quick-firing guns. Mr. T. H. Green, if we may trust our memory of his dealings with Hume, was not free from this error. Professor Fraser, while he specifies the things left unachieved by Locke, seldom fails to explain that Locke's problems were not and could not be the same as ours, and that the difference in method was, if possible, still greater. Descartes, as Mr. Huxley and others have pointed out, approached much more nearly than Locke to what is now known as physiological or experimental psychology. Locke, in discussing voluntary motion, ignores the whole physiological aspect of it with a determined indifference which is surprising even in his own time. Not only Descartes, but Hobbes, one would think, might have put him on justifying his procedure a little more fully. But a definite account of sensation or perception will be sought for in Locke as vainly as in Spinoza.

Professor Fraser is obviously right in maintaining that Locke's criticism of "innate principles" had only a temporary and polemic value. To some extent he was even then beating a man of straw. "It is difficult to find any philosopher, then or since, who would deny what Locke maintained." When he goes further, he fails to distinguish between knowledge itself, or the propositions in which knowledge is realized, and the conditions of knowledge. This omission of empirical philosophers is like the fallacy of those jurists who suppose that a system of law can be reduced to a series of definitions of rights or duties. Savigny, a man of truly philosophic genius, whose influence has in his own science been not less deep or lasting than Kant's in metaphysic, corrected this by bringing into their true light the important class of legal rules and principles whose subject-matter is not rights or duties in themselves, but the conditions by which duties and rights are determined. Law presupposes a definite type of society on which these conditions in turn depend. Similarly, we cannot account for knowledge by confronting a blank mind (even assuming such a thing to be real and intelligible) with the crude matter of experience. "Locke," as Professor Fraser says, "was biased by his unwarranted assumption that 'nothing can be in the mind of which the mind is not conscious'—that mental activity is identical with consciousness of it." His attempt at an impossible short cut to philosophic certainty would have broken down at the outset if it had been strictly consistent. But no philosopher was ever yet perfectly consistent that we know of. And Locke succeeded up to a certain point by working, to use Professor Fraser's neat phrase, with the "uncriticized categories" of modes, substances, and relations. When with these instruments he endeavoured to analyse the ideas of time and space—or rather their metaphysical forms, eternity and immensity—he was driven, much against his will, to admit something which in modern terms we may describe as an obscurely recognized *Ding an sich*.

A minor point, which Professor Fraser does well to make, is that Locke's place in the history of the English "association" psychology is really less important than has been supposed. The "association of ideas" was dealt with in the *Essay* only very partially, and as an afterthought. In this volume the biographical interest, as we have mentioned, is secondary, but Professor Fraser has been able to make use of some unpublished materials, and his work will have its place, apart from his judicious philosophical criticism, in preparing the way for a standard edition of Locke's works and correspondence. It is somewhat strange that no such edition, or anything approaching to it, exists. If Locke had been a Frenchman the thing would have been done, and probably very well done, long since. Professor Fraser gives us a neat little bibliographical appendix, but we must regret the absence of an index. A book of three hundred pages wants one no less than a book of five or six hundred. Even an index confined to proper names would, in the case of a man having so many and such various relations with other distinguished persons as Locke had, be much better than nothing.

BLOSSOM-LAND.*

THIS volume is a collection of essays, for the most part, on holiday or health resorts, presumably contributed from time to time to the columns of one or more newspapers or magazines. As such, it is not the kind of book which a reviewer easily approaches in a fitting frame of mind. He cannot, like that happy person the "general reader," dip into the volume at odd moments, taking one essay at a time, and making the author the counsellor and friend, so to speak, who shall direct and help him to make plans for a proposed holiday. He must take the book at one gulp—freeze on the Alps, roast at Madrid in August, and be bored at Ems or Cromer in quick succession. In fact, he enjoys or endures too much according as his temperament and taste resemble or differ from the writer's. He suffers from the very excellence of the work. In a less hurried, and therefore happier, age, Mr. Clement Scott's essays would have been cast in metrical form and published in several volumes, beautifully bound and printed. Indeed, as might have been expected in any work of Mr. Scott's, their poetic qualities extend far beyond their titles, and the delightful insincerity of the writer of verse appears on

every page. Mr. Clement Scott continually craves for the peace and quiet of the country, in accents so pathetic as to excite profound pity in the breast of the reader who is not aware that an appreciation of scenery at once so vivid and varied is only possible in one who is wedded to a London life. Not the least agreeable quality in Mr. Scott's work is the fine British spirit which has survived his extensive acquaintance with foreign men and lands. In an essay describing a bull-fight at Madrid, such expressions as "in order to gratify the Spanish lust for blood," and "there is mercy even in the Spaniard," are to be found at every turn, and the essay concludes in these words:—

A murderous expression comes into the Spaniard's face as he feels in his breast for his knife or dagger, and gets him home; curses are heard where laughter reigned before. The bull-fight is over, and the clear stars in the calm sky shine reproachfully over the blood-stained arena and the home-going inhabitants of murderous Madrid!

A little further on in the volume a very picturesque essay on "Hunting the Otter," and written from the point of view of the sportsman rather than that of the otter, will be enjoyed, we hope, by many readers. Wherefore we hail Mr. Clement Scott, not only as the skilful writer of poetic prose, who can lighten up the dullest fishing village or a most dreary landscape, but as a good Englishman.

HISTORY AND PATHOLOGY OF VACCINATION.*

THE question whether vaccination is really protective against small-pox has once more come to the front. Until quite recently the members of the medical profession were unanimous in their belief in its efficacy, but recently two physiologists of undoubted ability (Drs. Creighton and Crookshank) have ranged themselves on the side of the anti-vaccinationists. On this account the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter is fully justified. Of the enormous decrease of the number of persons attacked by small-pox in proportion to the population during the last fifty years there is no doubt; indeed, it is now quite exceptional to see any one badly pitted by this disease. Whether this improved state of things be due to the protective influence of vaccination or to other causes is the main point to be investigated by the Commission. The importance of its conclusions can hardly be over-estimated, as upon them the continuance or withdrawal of the Acts enjoining compulsory vaccination mainly depends. The book we are about to consider is by Dr. Crookshank, and he tells us in his preface that a copy of it has been sent to each member of the Commission.

As the information upon which Dr. Crookshank has formed his opinions with regard to vaccination is mainly contained in the second volume of his work, we will refer to it first. We there find reprints of Jenner's celebrated "Inquiry," and of many other papers on the practice of inoculation with vaccine lymph and on cow-pox. We also find reports on three spontaneous outbreaks of cow-pox, two in dairies at Eysines in 1881 and 1883, and one at Cricklade in 1887, reported on by the author. We cannot speak too highly of the judicious care with which these papers have been selected.

The first volume begins with three chapters, giving a sketch of the history of small-pox inoculation in foreign countries, Great Britain, and Ireland; also of the various methods in which the operation was performed, and the patient managed. They are full of interest for the student of medical history, but have no bearing upon the question which now awaits an answer. Small-pox inoculation was rendered illegal in England in 1840, and will not be again revived. In the fourth chapter is described the system by which Dr. Haygarth proposed to limit the spread of small-pox. He must have been a man of great acuteness, having fully recognized, as early as 1777, that this disease was always spread by infection or contagion, and never originated *de novo*. He advocated isolation, cleanliness, and fresh air—indeed, very much the means in use at the present day; but we have, of course, in addition numberless disinfectants, and are cognizant of the destructive effect of a high temperature upon the *materies morbi*. In the chapter headed "The Tradition of the Dairymaids" evidence is produced which appears to us to show that, not only was an attack of cow-pox believed to be protective against the more deadly disease, but that it really was so, the majority of small-pox inoculations failing in those who had suffered from the milder disease. The main object of this chapter is to show that the inoculation of cow-pox was known and practised before Jenner's advocacy of it. The proof seems complete that Benjamin Jesty, a Dorsetshire farmer, inoculated his wife and children with cow-pox as early as 1774, he himself having suffered from the disease by accident. Not only so, but also the faith of Mr. Jesty in the protective influence of this proceeding was so great that he allowed himself and his sons to be inoculated with the virus of small-pox—the result of such inoculations being negative. Many pages are then devoted to the consideration of the life and letters of Edward Jenner. Throughout the whole of this portion of the book, a desire on the part of the author is evident to destroy Jenner's character as a scientific, and even as an honest, man. He wishes to persuade us that vaccination is of no use, and that, even if it

* *History and Pathology of Vaccination*. By Edgar M. Crookshank, M.B. London: H. K. Lewis.

were, the credit of its introduction should not be accorded to Jenner.

A specimen of the contemporary criticism of the new practice and its reputed author is quoted in the shape of a long paper by Mr. Birch, one of the ablest opponents of vaccination and a most ardent supporter of small-pox inoculation. Mr. Birch was not happy as a prophet, for, writing in 1806, he says:—"I entertain no doubt, therefore, but that we shall soon see what yet remains of popular opinion favourable to the cause of vaccination *vanish into thin air.*" Eighty-four years after this utterance popular opinion is more favourable to this cause than ever before. His dictum "Never to sacrifice experience to experiment" would scarcely commend itself to the mind of a modern physiologist. Mr. Birch makes much of the fact that small-pox does occur in those who have been vaccinated, and sometimes severely, but does not appear acquainted with the equally indubitable fact that small-pox sometimes attacks the same person twice. This should not surprise us when we remember that second and even third seizures of analogous diseases, such as measles and scarlet-fever, are not uncommon. We believe that no instance of one who had been efficiently vaccinated a second time, and subsequently suffered from small-pox, has been known to occur. Mr. Birch accuses the Jennerian Society of having placed posters on the chapels and Sunday-schools contrasting the mild symptoms resulting from vaccination with the severe ones following small-pox inoculation. If this were really done, it was certainly an unworthy and undignified proceeding. Further on in his paper he insinuates that Jenner left London to escape from unpleasant questions about the new form of inoculation; whereas Jenner himself tells us that he did so because he was unable to obtain sufficient practice to permit him to keep up the expensive house which he had injudiciously taken. Though we admit Jenner's error in thinking that cow-pox originated from the grease of horses' heels, we are hardly prepared to agree with Mr. Birch in attributing it to itch on the hands of the milkers. The following appeal to sentiment seems to us entirely out of place in a paper which is intended to be a model of logical argument, "And do not let us so inhumanly submit our babes, while smiling in the mother's face, to *we know not what.*"

Although Mr. Birch freely accuses the Jennerian Committee of making use of unfair arguments, he does not hesitate, on his own side, to put forward such a statement as the following about the apothecaries:—"They came into the new practice because they early discovered that it was the plan of the men midwives to seclude them by this manoeuvre from the nurseries; and, finding they could not fight them fairly on their own ground, they resolved, by forming an alliance, to share, if possible, the conquest." This after having previously said "I presume not to judge the motives of action in others." To what straits he must have been driven for sound arguments with which to meet his opponents when he did not scruple to promulgate this gross libel upon two respectable bodies of men! Invective, however, appears to have been a favourite weapon of his; for he tells us in another place that Dissenting preachers who advocated vaccination did so because "they saw in it an easy way of securing acceptance to their peculiar tenets, by stealing, under the specious appearance of charity and philanthropy, into the bosom of maternal tenderness." In his dealings with the National Vaccine Establishment Jenner wished to be too autocratic, and his resignation of the post of Director was a mistake; but his assurance that he would, nevertheless, be always ready to afford it any assistance in his power was large-minded and dignified. Jenner appears to have disbelieved in Jesty's anticipation of him in the inoculation of cow-pox, and was, perhaps, not so careful as he might have been to inquire into the matter. However, it was he, and not Jesty, who, whether for good or ill, fought the battle in favour of vaccination, and caused the practice to be taken up almost throughout the world. His paper on the natural history of cow-pox (rightly rejected by the Royal Society) was an ill-considered and hastily-written one, and does not redound to his credit or promote the cause which he had so much at heart. In chapter viii. Dr. Crookshank, on quite insufficient evidence, makes the following serious charge against Jenner—that, having inoculated a boy named John Baker with matter from an ulcer on the hand of a horse-keeper, which had been caused by the grease from a horse's heel, and the boy having died as the result of this inoculation, he told a deliberate lie in stating that the boy died from a contagious fever caught in the workhouse. On p. 280 the author sneers at the statement that after the vaccine vesicle has passed a certain stage the fluid it contains is incapable of propagating true vaccinia, a fact perfectly familiar to those who have any amount of experience in vaccinating. Indeed, throughout the whole of this chapter Dr. Crookshank entirely drops the character of an impartial judge and adopts the rôle of counsel for the prosecution.

In the course of the next four chapters much conflicting evidence is given as to whether human small-pox and bovine cow-pox are modifications of the same disease; in the opinion of the author they are not so. In the very interesting chapter on cow-pox, descriptions are given of the cases of milkers accidentally inoculated direct from the cow in epidemics occurring in certain dairies in 1840-41 and 1887, the report of the former being by Ceeley and of the latter by the author. In all these the course of the vesicles was very similar to that run by those produced by inoculation with humanized lymph, except that the local and constitutional symptoms were more severe. With regard to the latter group of eight cases the striking circumstance is recorded that the patients were all vaccinated, with the lymph ordinarily

used, four months after the casual attack of cow-pox, and were all found to be completely protected. This of course goes far to prove the identity of the natural and artificially-produced disease. In attempting to explain the rapidity with which the new form of inoculation was accepted, both at home and abroad, without admitting any intrinsic merit in the practice; Dr. Crookshank would have us believe that Jenner had only to name the disease *vaccinia* to induce medical men all over the world to believe and act upon his doctrines without inquiry or examination.

We may summarize the objects which Dr. Crookshank endeavoured to attain in writing this book under the following three heads:—1st. To place in the hands of the medical profession a history of the origin, rise, and progress of vaccination and the pathology of the disease resulting from it; 2nd. To Jenner of his laurels by depriving him of any credit which, the world at large, has been thought due to the discoverer of the practice; 3rd. To endeavour to show that inoculation with vaccine lymph does not afford any protection from small-pox. The first of these objects has been carried out successfully, and this book is a valuable addition to the literature of medical history. We cannot, however, credit the author with any approach to that somewhat rare character—the impartial historian. The second point has been gained to the limited extent of showing that Jenner was not, strictly speaking, the *discoverer* of the benefits to be derived from cow-pox inoculation; nevertheless it was he who caused the practice to be adopted by almost all civilized peoples. It is difficult to understand why the author should have shown so much *animus* against Jenner, and made such desperate efforts to deprive him of his posthumous fame by throwing doubts on his character as a scientific, and even as an honest, man. Possibly, with the enthusiasm of a recent "vert," he thought that the severest blow he could deal the old faith would be to discredit its author.

As for the third contention, Dr. Crookshank has scarcely made out a *prima-facie* case against the protective influence of vaccination; indeed, all that he has attempted to prove is that attacks of small-pox, and even severe and fatal ones, have occurred in those who have been vaccinated, and this no one acquainted with the subject would attempt to deny. There is, however, an enormous mass of modern clinical evidence, collected by competent observers, demonstrating that the efficiently vaccinated person is in a position of almost perfect security against small-pox, as compared with one who is not thus protected. With this evidence the author does not deal at all. If clinical facts cannot be made to square with the theories of certain physiologists, so much the worse for the theories. We may enumerate a few of these facts for which it seems to us impossible to account on any other ground than that of the protective influence of vaccine lymph.

The Registrar-General bears us out in asserting that the mortality rate among medical men from every infectious disease except small-pox is greatly in excess of that of the general population; whereas in this disease it is much lower. We think the inference obvious. It is within our knowledge that during two of the years for which the small-pox hospital at Hampstead was open none of the staff, though living constantly in a poison-laden atmosphere, contracted the disease, except an assistant gardener who had escaped the re-vaccination to which all the other members of the staff had been subjected before being allowed to enter upon the performance of their duties. We are told that similar experiences are common in small-pox hospitals generally.

We have already referred to the circumstance that the diminution in the number of cases of small-pox is out of all proportion to that of other infectious diseases, and therefore cannot be entirely explained by isolation of the affected and improved sanitary conditions. It has also been found in the examination of patients brought into the various hospitals that in the seven cases there were no cicatrices at all, or only very faint ones, showing that no efficient vaccination had been performed. By careful isolation Leicester has so far escaped an epidemic of small-pox, but the curious circumstance was recently mentioned in the *Lancet* that those who carry out the isolation of the cases which occasionally occur have all been re-vaccinated. So general and complete is the belief of medical men in the utility of vaccination that we venture to assert that, were the compulsory Acts done away with to-morrow, 999 out of 1,000 of them would continue to perform the operation on their own children; and the greatest enemies of the profession will scarcely maintain that its members, in the present day, are characterized by undue credulity. It may not be out of place to mention here that syphilis is the only disease that has ever been proved to have been conveyed in vaccine lymph, and greater care on the part of the operator would have prevented these sad accidents. Now it is always possible to obtain calf-lymph, which makes any such occurrence impossible.

We think the prediction contained in Dr. Crookshank's peroration (which we quote) as little likely to be realized as has been the case with that of his prototype, Mr. Birch, mentioned in the early part of this article:—"It is more probable that when, by means of notification and isolation, small-pox is kept under control, vaccination will disappear from practice, and will retain only an historical interest."

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FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE promised last week to return upon this very curious book (1), and we lose no time in doing so—omitting on this occasion all reference to the editor, except to say that he has, save in the particular then referred to, done his work excellently. He has cited the rather numerous instances in which Colomb, Beyle's lifelong friend and literary executor, utilized the MS., and has given account of its very curious illustrations, as they may be called. For when Beyle wrote these sketches, it was his habit, whenever a scene occurred which he thought important, to make a diagram of the room or other scene, locating the personages and chief items of the *décor* at A, B, and so on. Another peculiarity which will strike any reader of the two authors (we do not know whether M. Stryienski has noticed it in his previous Beyle publications; he has not here) is the singular resemblance to *Restif de la Bretonne* in more ways than one, especially the attempt or sham attempt to disguise apparently compromising words by a transparent reversion or intermixture of letters, such as "teje" for "jésuite," and so forth. The life goes almost from birth (if Beyle could have remembered that he would certainly have described it) to his arrival in Italy, and while it will no doubt supply Beylists with fresh reasons for admiring their lovely and beloved Henri, it will certainly also supply not merely that wicked pair "Gyp" and M. Jules Lemaitre with fresh gibes, but also more sober critics with fresh arguments against the sanity, if not against the vigour, of Stendhal's genius. It will not, indeed, tell anybody anything very new. We have a theory that new documents scarcely ever tell anything new to reasonably intelligent readers who have a fair knowledge of an author's works, and of accounts of himself furnished by men so different as Colomb and Mérimée. But it will undoubtedly corroborate and to some extent fill out and fill in the view of Beyle which such persons have already entertained. His wonderful talent almost, if not quite, amounting to genius, we suppose nobody denies. This talent is manifested here by a most remarkable series of sketches of "sensation and event." But it is all morbid and distorted, much more morbid and distorted than Rousseau's work, because it never lifts itself above egotism into art, as the *Confessions* constantly do. Both authors represent themselves as dirty little boys and unwholesome youths constantly supposing that every man was going to offend or had offended them, constantly entertaining nasty ideas about every woman, having an almost, if not quite, lunatic exaggeration of the importance of their wretched little personalities, and so forth. But Beyle, as coming latest, must needs exaggerate. He coolly descants on the hatred he felt for his father (whose chief fault seems to have been that he did not whip the little cub's bad blood out of him, or at least try to do so). He hints, and more than hints, while at the same time admitting that his suspicions very likely had no foundation whatever, at undue affection between his father and his mother's sister, who, by his own account, was rather a harsh aunt to him. He seems to wish us to believe that his own affection, at six years old, for his mother was what Frenchmen especially and significantly call *amour*. He never loses sight of himself in generous admiration of a book, a natural prospect, a girl, a basket of fruit even, or a bottle of wine, all through three hundred pages. Everybody with whom he comes in contact is a tyrant, or a *cuitre*, or at best a person deplorably incomprehensible of the great little H. B., with whom the said person had to do. All through we have, either with full names or in ostentatious disguises, references to the mistresses he had (or had not) long after. All through one is tempted to lament that he never experienced the salutary discipline of a thorough good kicking. And it cannot be pleaded for him, as for some persons, that these confidences were confidence to himself only, never meant to see the light, and, as it were, soliloquies of *épanchement* merely. He definitely anticipated publication, though he specified the year 1880 instead of the year 1890, and though he may, perhaps, have thought that no editor would ever publish one or two particularly ludicrous (not to use a harsher word) extravagances of his mania of talking about himself. Still the book is a very interesting document, and it can hardly be said that Beyle, from the particular side, had much reputation to lose by it. The worst of it is, that it comes pat to encourage a generation which is far too fond of uncovering its own nakedness as it is.

Selections from living writers are not, we think, so common in France as in England; but certainly, if the experiment had to be tried on any living French prose writer, it was necessary to begin with M. Renan (2). The object is to cater, in the first place, for schools, though the volume has the *format* of an ordinary "three-fifty" novel or book of *belles-lettres*, and the selector, whoever he is, announces the laudable purpose of steering clear of the polemical. We hardly think that the orthodox remnant in France, which after all amounts to more than seven thousand souls, will think this promise quite fulfilled by some of the passages, to name no others, from the *Histoire d'Israël*. Nor should we, had the task been ours, have coincided, even putting this consideration out of question, with many of the choices here. But that will always happen in such cases. And it may be freely conceded that, whatever fault—of doctrine, of logic, and not so very unfrequently even of taste—one may find with M. Renan, it

is very rare to find a page of his which is not a model of French prose of a kind now too rarely written. This being so, and it being rather the habit of youth to flee from than to follow the principles of its instructors, while it insensibly remembers their form, we may wish the volume good luck.

Almost anything of Souvestre's is good reading for youth (3). Mr. Super's introduction and notes are, however, very slight. We are quite unable to discern the good of such annotation as "Voltaire, one of the most celebrated French writers (1694-1778)"; "Philémon and Baucis, in Greek mythology, a husband and wife noted for their mutual affection." Mr. Parry's "sight" passages (4) have the advantage of being taken with a wise want of discrimination from writers of all ages, styles, and merits.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SELDOM is it that the object of an author is so fully and so happily realized as in the two volumes of *Essays: Speculative and Suggestive* (Chapman & Hall), by Mr. John Addington Symonds. "To suggest ideas, to stimulate reflection," is the aim that inspired the writer of these delightful discourses and criticisms on art and letters. So rich are they in suggestiveness, that selection for comment is a difficult matter. The group of essays on Criticism and the Critical Faculty, on Style and the Art of Style, might alone suffice for the reviewer's text. On such subjects Mr. Symonds speaks with authority, and, by example, proving the truth of his own axiom, "Clear thinking is the first requisite of a good style." Of the critical method and the critic's equipment he has much to advance that is both shrewd and persuasive. Common sense and imagination, with a trained perception, make up the critical faculty, and without this first quality, learning, though Mr. Symonds admits it to be indispensable, is of no avail to the critic. The critic of to-day is especially warned against "subjective fancies, paradoxes of opinion, and superstieties." Restrain your subjective bias, do not import your own thoughts and feelings into the works to be dealt with—such is the author's advice. The praise of common sense, or sound judgment, is an excellent thing in the critic. There is truth, too, in the contention that a critic may over-rate his subjectivity, though, if Mr. Symonds had rigidly followed his own ruling, some of the most agreeable of these essays would not have been written. Looking at the wide field embraced by these volumes, it is difficult to realize the writer's picture of himself as a scholar isolated from the world, amid Alpine wastes; one who observes or meditates the world of things from a solitary mountain peak. But, in strict truth, the isolation of Mr. Symonds is nothing more than a geographical expression. The spirit of thought and inquiry carries him buoyantly to the uttermost parts of the world of art and literature. In the current movements of criticism and artistic work there are few writers that display such sympathetic ardour and invincible enterprise. "Democratic Art," "A Comparison of Elizabethan with Victorian Poetry," the review of Matthew Arnold's *Wordsworth*, the lucid and weighty essays on Evolutionary Principles, on the Philosophy of Evolution, the Provinces of the Several Arts, are all alike sensitively attuned to the modern ear and in perfect touch with the thought of to-day.

Mr. F. W. Bain's *Occam's Razor* (Parker & Co.) is a little volume of essays, all of which are excellent reading, and two—"The Conditions of Progress" and "A Refutation of Socialism"—notable for clear statement and reasoning. Mr. Bain's logical method carries him unerringly to the root of things in both of these admirable essays. Nothing we have read approaches the "Refutation of Socialism" in neatness and completeness. It attacks the central positions of Marx and Lassalle, and demolishes them by a very pretty and thorough sapping of the foundations.

English Lands, Letters, and Kings, by Donald G. Mitchell (Sampson Low & Co.), is the second instalment of a series of sketches of English literature and history intended for home consumption or the family circle. The present volume deals with the sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth centuries—"Elizabeth to Anne" is the title—and is written in a familiar, and at times a trivial, strain. Congreve, for example, is credited with "abundance of what we call 'cheek,'" and the finest wit of his time, Samuel Butler, is said to be "of a bar-room stamp."

In all that makes for elegance, *Thistledown* (Rugby: Over) lacks nothing. This is a "large paper" form of a volume of essays, pleasing in style, bright with fancy, and possessing a vein of poetic insight that is true if not deep. "A Country Fair" is a delightful compound of reverie and description, and in "Sunday" a well-worn subject is treated with much freshness.

The House on the Sezr, by Bertha Thomas (Sampson Low & Co.), is a tale of South Devon, with an inscrutable heroine, a washy hero, and a bold beach-combing "black-birder" from the Caribbean Seas, as the leading actors in a tedious and unskillfully-wrought melodrama of modern times. Wonderful, indeed, if Miss Thomas is not more than realistic in her method, are the pictures of polite society in the city of Bexeter. One young lady, in the exuberance of her "frisky virginity," takes nips of

(1) *Vie de Henri Brûillard*. Publié par Casimir Stryienski. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Ernest Renan—Pages choisies*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Souvestre's Le mari de Madame de Solange*. By O. P. Super. Boston, New York, and Chicago: Heath.

(4) *French Passages for Unseen Translation*. By C. H. Parry. London: Rivingtons.

brandy in the billiard-room, and behaves precisely as 'Arry does on a Bank holiday.

A faint Stocktonian humour distinguishes *My Wife's Politics*, by Horace Hutchinson (Edwin Arnold), a lively sketch of a lady who, without any convictions, takes to politics as a social duty. Beginning as a Primrose dame, she is converted to Home Rule before finally lapsing into domesticity.

Still more to seek is the humour of *The Handsome Examiner*, by R. St. John Corbet (Field & Tuer), in which are portrayed the courtship and love of an examiner who falls a victim to the charms of an "original thinker," both being examples of the lay-figure type.

Forreston, by Newton Tempest (Digby & Long), deals with the old theme of the lovers divided by untoward circumstances, who yet should not have been separated if they and their friends comported themselves like folk of this world. Though not ill written, the story is utterly colourless.

Mr. F. M. Peacock's *A Soldier and a Maid* (Chatham : Gale & Polden) treats in quite another spirit of unhappy lovers separated by evil destiny, he following the fortune of war in Burma, she in England tortured by reports of his death on the battle-field. There is a genuine romantic element in this charming short story. The characters are clearly sketched, and the military scenes are excellent.

Like the author of the future, Mr. James Gillespie, of Dumfries, dispenses with the publisher in issuing *The True System of the Universe*. He has also undertaken "a large order" in projecting a book to prove that the earth does not revolve around the sun, and is the only inhabited world. Mr. Gillespie is, in fact, an astronomical Hampden—the modern theorist, not the patriot—eager for the dethroning of Sir Isaac Newton, and his book is a challenge to all astronomers. Mr. Gillespie is so very much in earnest that they, and they only, should respond.

We have also received *A School Algebra*, by G. A. Wentworth (Boston : Ginn & Co.); *Text-Book of Physiological and Pathological Chemistry*, translated from the German of Professor Bunge by the late Dr. Wooldridge (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Boarding-Out System* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), a manual for Poor-Law Guardians and others, by Henry F. Aveling; *Report of the Royal Commission on the Mineral Resources of Ontario* (Toronto : Warwick); *Report on Lead Poisoning from Drinking Water in Yorkshire*, by S. Monckton Copeman, reprinted from the *British Medical Journal*; *Story's Coloured Music System*, Part I. for Beginners, by E. M. Story (Philip & Son); *The Countess Muta*, by O. H. Montague (Routledge); *Only a Fisher Maiden*, by A. MacKnight (Digby & Long); *Count Königsmark*, by Henry Vizetelly (Vizetelly & Co.); *The Trade of Authorship*, by Wolstan Dixey, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; *Lyra Mancuniensis*, by Walter Hughes (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Lim.); *Questions and Answers on English Composition*, by Professor Nichol and W. S. McCormick (Macmillan & Co.); and *Indian History*, a "History Primer," by J. Talboys Wheeler (Macmillan & Co.).

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CONTENTS OF NO. 1,813, JULY 26, 1890:

Chronicle.

The Misconduct of the Grenadiers.

France and England in Africa. *England v. Australia.*

The Poets and its Subjects. *The Chantrey Fund.*

Lord Rosebery on Battersea Bridge. *The Bitter Bit.*

The Appropriation of the New Taxes. *A Bout with the Gun.*

Sir John Lubbock. *The End of the Wrangle.*

A Cause Celebre. *Books for the Season.*

The Navy. *A Returning Prodigal?*

The Latest Mare's-nest.

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